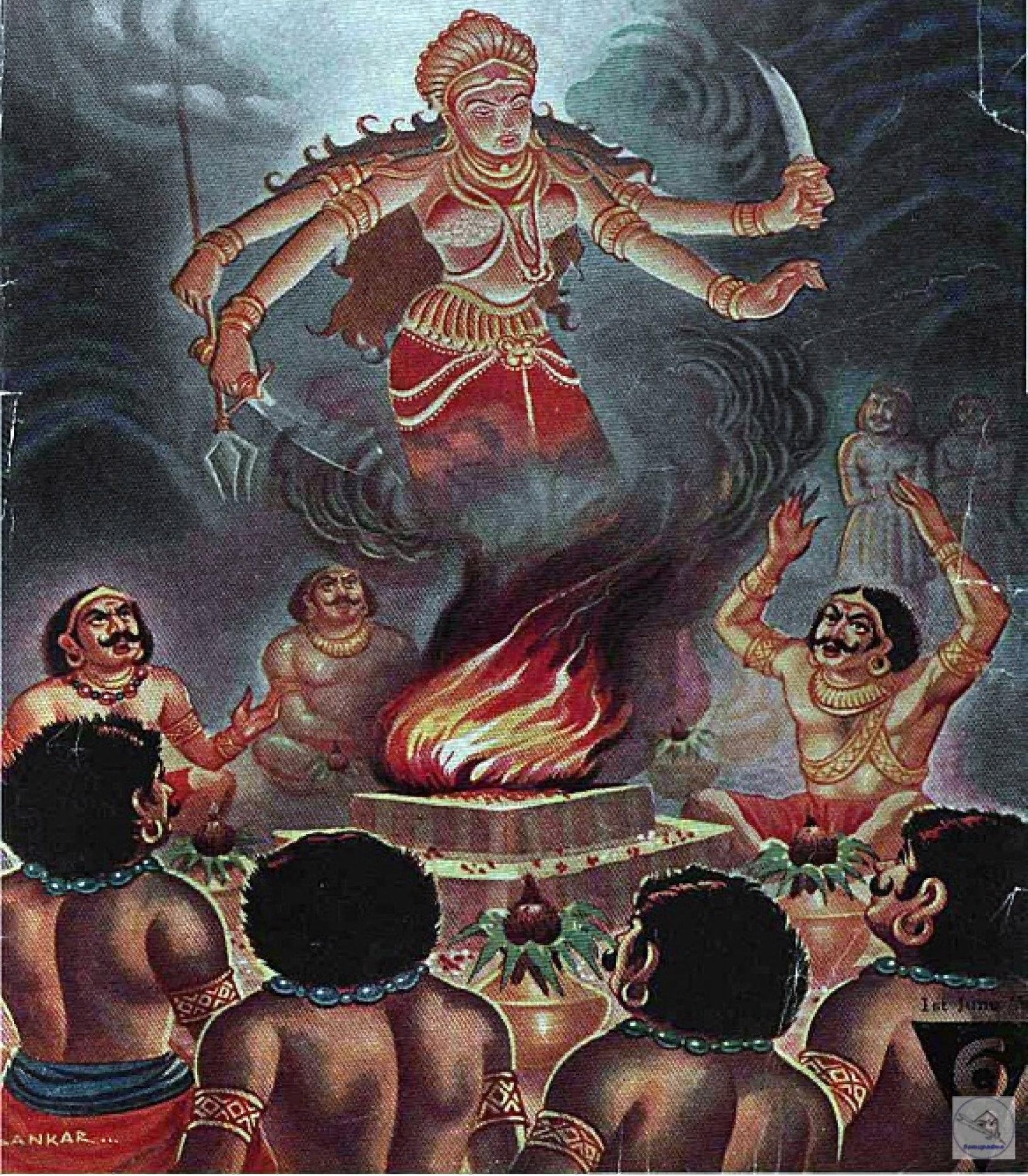


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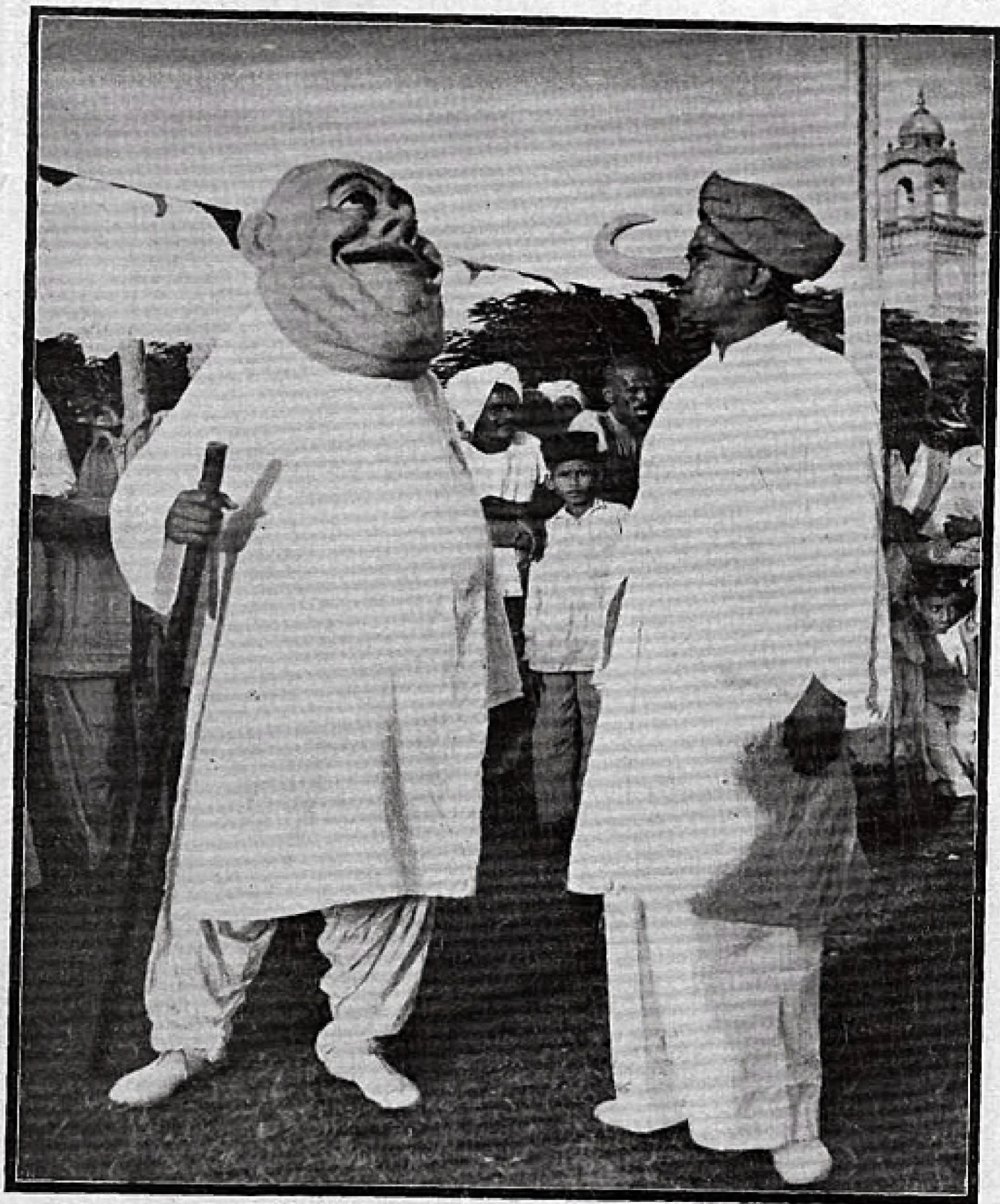
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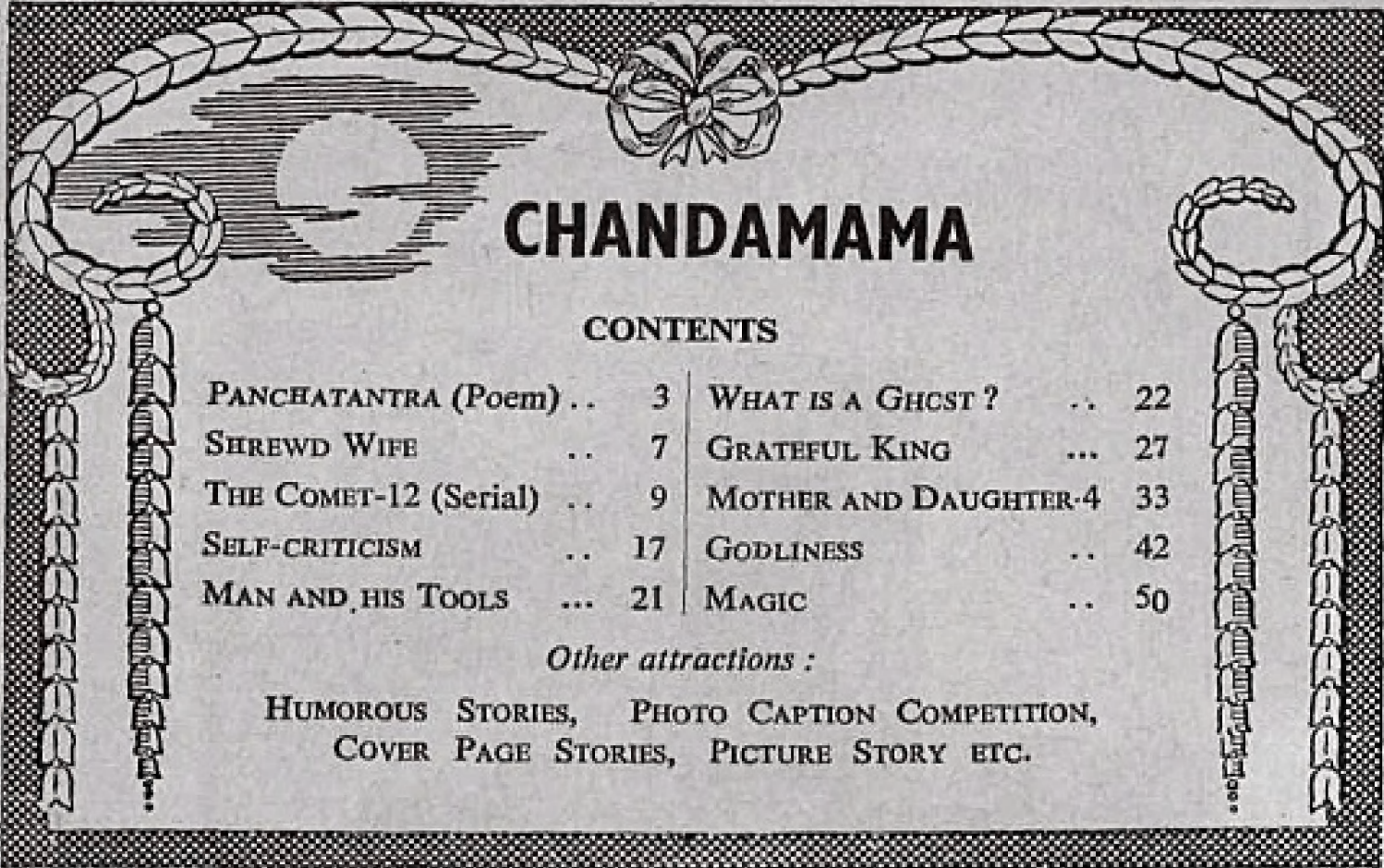
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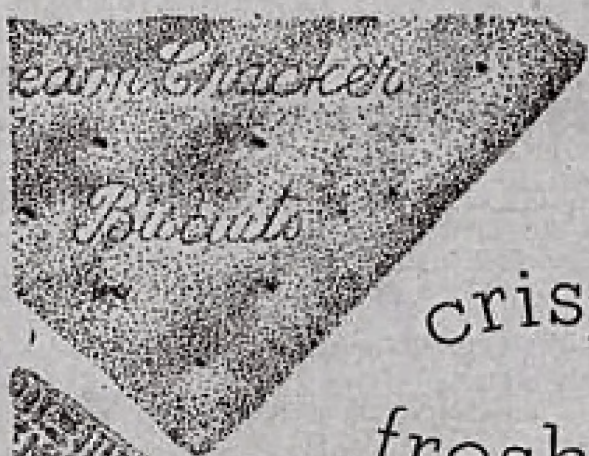
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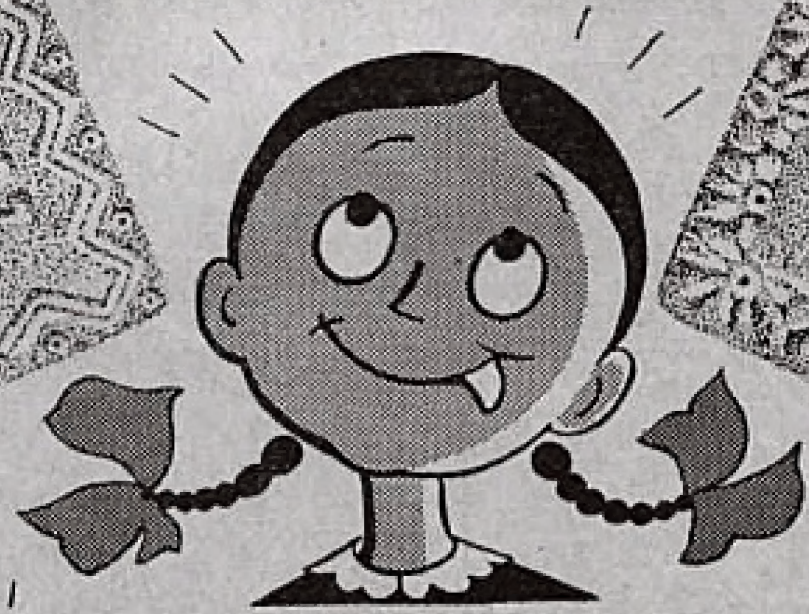
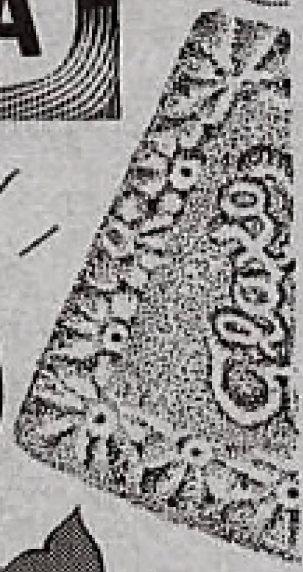
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Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

2500th Anniversary of the birth of Lord Buddha is celebrated on the 24th of May. Several countries including India, China, Ceylon, Indonesia and Burma are taking part in the celebrations which take place at Sarnath.

Like many other Prophets and World Teachers, Buddha was the product of the great culture that developed in the East. All the thinkers of the world have hailed Lord Buddha as the Light of Asia.

Our country has aptly revived the symbols of Buddhism which indicate a desire for inward and outward peace.

JUNE
1956



VOL. 2
NO. 6



THE FRONT COVER

LAST month we read how Duryodhana wanted to show off before the Pandavas who were undergoing the hardships of forest life, how he was taken prisoner by Chitra-sena and how he had to be rescued by the Pandavas.

Thus liberated, Duryodhana joined his companions and started for Hastinapur. The party encamped for the night on the banks of a river. Then Karna came to see Duryodhana in his tent, and said, "My lord, I congratulate you on your victory over the Gandharva King. Had it been any of us we would have been utterly defeated."

Duryodhana's vanity was already wounded by the defeat and this praise brought tears to his eyes. He told Karna what all had happened, and added, "I do not want to be alive after this indignity. I resign myself to death." Then he removed his ornaments, changed his royal robes for a sack-cloth, and lay down on a mat of reeds.

"I see no disgrace in what had happened," Karna said, trying to cheer him up. "Of course, Pandavas did come to your help. It was their *duty* to do so. Any soldier who was your slave would have done so." But Duryodhana was not to be consoled so easily.

The Demon clans of the Underworld came to know that Duryodhana had resigned himself to death. At once they lit the Ritual Fire and started *Yajna*. Out of the fire a *Sakti* came forth and asked them, "What do you want of me?" The Demons told her to bring Duryodhana to them. And *Sakti* did so.

All the night the Demons conversed with Duryodhana. "We are depending upon you," they said to him. "There's going to be a mighty war. The Devas will back the Pandavas in that war, and we'll back you and give you victory. So give up this idea of dying." They convinced Duryodhana. Before dawn *Sakti* took Duryodhana back to his tent at the camp.





SHREWD WIFE

IN the state of Hyderabad there was once a landlord. He married and brought his wife home, but he treated her as a stranger because of a quarrel he had with his in-laws.

After a time the wife could not put up with it any longer. She spoke to the *purohit* of the family and sought his advice. "My child," the *purohit* told her, "stand in the gate with betel leaves in hand when your husband goes out. Promise to give him way if he gives you chunam."

The wife followed this advice. The husband who was going out saw his wife standing in his way with betel leaves in her hand, and asked her to step aside. "I'll do so," said the wife. "But first give me some chunam."

"I'll give you chunam," the husband said sharply, "when rice is cultivated on the rocks; when the crop is harvested with sickles of gold; when I carry the shoes of a woman and drink the dirty water of the Red Tank!" Then he pushed her aside and went out.

When the *purohit* heard what had happened he said, "That's fine! There is a rocky region in your estate. Have a small area covered with soil knee-deep and have it sown to rice. When the crop comes up get it reaped with a couple of small, gold sickles."

The wife did so. On further instructions from the *purohit* she dressed herself as a state officer, mounted a horse and went to the place where the crop was being

reaped. "With whose permission have you cultivated this bit of land?" she demanded of the labourers. "Call the landlord here at once. He will pay a fine of thousand rupees for this offence."

Word went to the husband and he arrived in great haste. "How dare you cultivate land without permission? You'll be punished severely for this. Follow me!" the wife shouted at the husband and started her horse.

Shivering with fear the poor husband began to run behind her horse. On the way the wife dropped her shoes as by accident, and the terrified husband picked them up and ran along.

The wife made her husband run as far as the Red Tank. Having run a long way in the hot sun, the husband was very

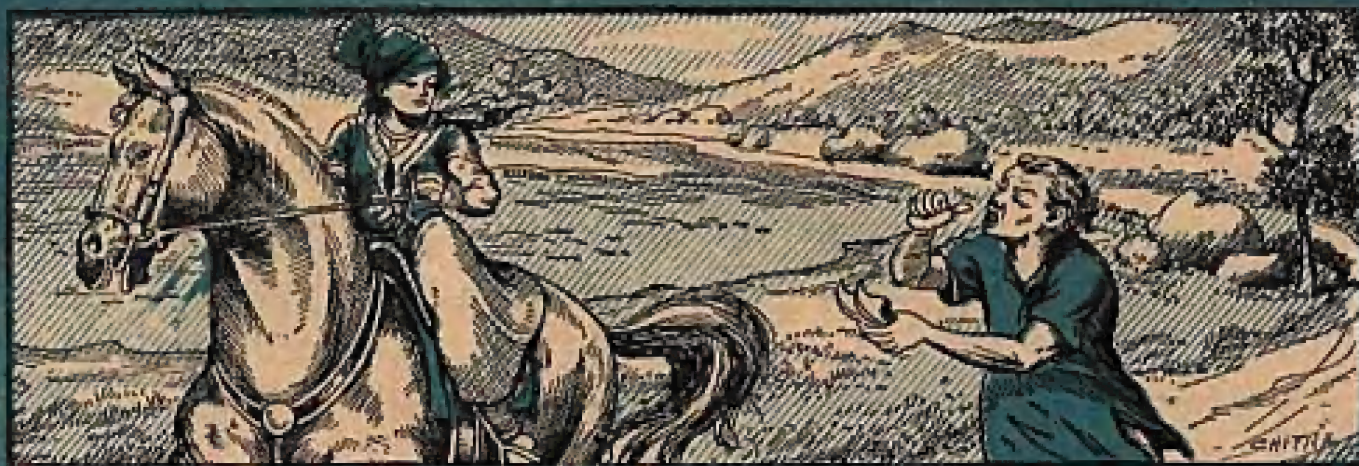
thirsty. He asked her permission to drink some water in the tank.

"Well, you can drink the water and return home," said the wife. "You are forgiven this first offence." She then rode home.

The husband reached home much later. The wife served him food. After eating, the husband got ready to go out. But he found his wife again standing in his way with betel leaves in hand, and he asked her to step aside.

"Rice is cultivated on the rocks. The crop is harvested with gold sickles. You've carried a woman's shoes and drank the water of the Red Tank. Give me some chunam" she said.

The husband was first astounded and then quite pleased with his wife's grit. From that day he was a loving husband.





PANCHATANTRA

ONCE upon a time, in the southern country, there was a city called Mahila-ropya, which was ruled by King Amara-sakti, a man of great glory.

His three sons were utter fools and the King was greatly grieved on that account. Sadly he summoned his counsellors and spoke to them thus :

“O wise ones ! You’re aware of the foolish demeanour of my sons. Devoid of education and culture, they’ve become the laugh-

ing stock of the world, and a cause of worry to me.

“’Tis sad to have no sons, and sadder to have to lose them. But saddest of all is having ones who are fools and forever a shame.

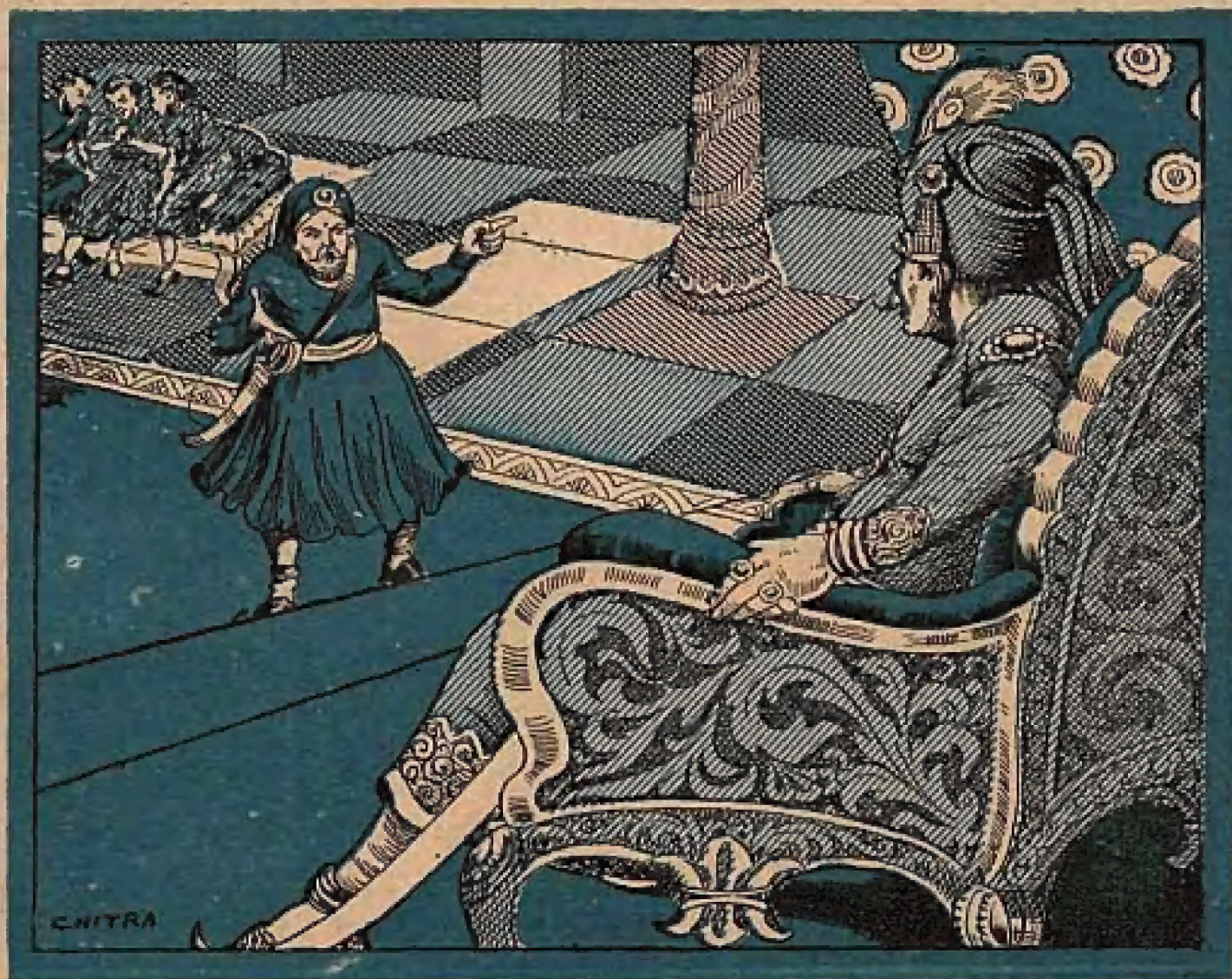
“So then, what is the way to make them a bit intelligent. Ponder well, rid me of this worry and make me happy.

“There are five hundred of you pandits, eating my salt. Let me hear how you propose to teach these boys the sciences.”



Having heard these words the wise counsellors looked at one another, when one of them said, "Is it easy, sire, to study the sciences? It takes years to learn even a little. A dozen years are required to study the intricacies of the Grammar alone. What to speak of other sciences?"

Then the Chief Minister, Sumati rose and gently said to the King, "It's not wise at this juncture to spend so much time over all those sciences. Life is short and Knowledge is endless. One may not know when is the end and what are the obstacles."



“So, sire, find a way of devising an Epitome of Knowledge, and have it taught. There is a Brahman named Vishnu-sharma, wise in all sciences. Send for him and engage him to teach your sons. He'll make them intelligent in no time. There is no doubt of it.”

Accordingly the King sent for Vishnu-sharma and asked him to teach wisdom to his sons. He offered in advance to the Brahman a hundred estates. He repeated the offer three times.

Vishnu-sharma heard to the King and replied thus :



“Let me be frank, O King. For the estates you offer I shall not teach your sons. But give me six months and I’ll make them competent, somehow. I am eighty years old and past all desires. I do not care for wealth. What is wealth to me?

“But since you request me, I shall teach the boys all about *neeti* within six months. If I fail to do so, may you call me by any other name!”

Mightily pleased was the King at these brave words. And then

Vishnu-sharma wrote PANCHATANTRA and, with its help, taught the boys wisdom. He taught them the essence of all the sciences. The King was well pleased to find his worthless sons masters of *neeti* at the end of the six months. And since then this great work has acquired a great name in the world.

You’ll see how this book can teach boys and girls a diversity of things wise. Those who patiently read PANCHATANTRA are forever free from all troubles.





Lord Buddha





Life of Gautama Buddha

KING Suddhodana was the Sakya ruler of Kapila-vastu. Maya was his Queen. One night she dreamed that a milk-white elephant came down from the sky and entered her womb. The dream-readers said that the Queen would give birth to a male child who will deliver the world from ignorance.

At the end of nine months Queen Maya delivered a male child at noon, one day, under a spreading *sal* tree in the palace grounds, without the least pain. Thus Lord Buddha was born with the thirty-two marks of blessed birth.

Among those who came to see the young prince was the great sage, Asita. Instead of blessing the babe, the sage prostrated himself before it, and said, "This is Lord Buddha who will save humanity."

On the seventh day of his birth, the babe lost its mother, and was nourished by a foster-nurse. The boy was named Siddhartha. At the age of eight he

was put under Viswamitra for studies; but the boy already knew all that was to be known. Though he did not know about pain and sorrow, he seemed to understand them; he was very kind and considerate to the dumb creatures.

One day a flock of wild swans were flying over the royal garden, and Devadatta, cousin of Siddhartha, aimed an arrow at one of them and brought it down. Siddhartha took the bird tenderly, removed the arrow from its wing, and caressed it. Devadatta claimed the bird, but Siddhartha refused to give it up, saying that living things belonged to one who saved their life, not one who tried to kill them. He let the swan go away after it was healed.

Now the Prince was eighteen. Because it was predicted that he would either become a great ruler or renounce the world and go away, the king was anxious that the boy should be surrounded with luxuries. The Chief Minister suggested that the Prince





should be married to a maid who could take his fancy.

To this end the king arranged a function at which Siddhartha was to give away prizes to all the comely maidens of Kapilavastu. The maidens passed by the prince one after another, and took gifts from his hand. At the last came young Yasodhara, the comeliest of the lot, but, alas, the gifts were all spent. The Prince took off his necklace of emeralds and clasped it round her slim waist. As they looked at each other the Prince fell in love with Yasodhara.

Before the marriage took place a formality had to be gone through. Yasodhara had several suitors, and Siddhartha could claim her only by proving himself superior to them in manly sports. Devadatta was an expert archer, Arjuna excelled in horse riding, and Nanda was master of the sword. But Siddhartha, who never learnt any of these sports, defeated them all, and married the beautiful Yasodhara.

Now Siddhartha's life was full of love, beauty and happiness,

and he did not know how other people lived. But one day he had a desire to go into the city. The king made such arrangements that the Prince would not witness any misery or suffering on the way. Yet the Prince did see an old man of eighty, with shrivelled skin, toothless mouth and shaking limbs, begging alms. From his charioteer, Channa, he learnt that old age came to everyone, if death did not prevent it.

On another occasion he saw the real people—the poor, the untouchable and the sick. He saw the whole struggle of life in all its nakedness, men living in fear waiting for the end—death! He also saw a corpse accompanied by mourners. All this stirred him and made him uneasy. Life was fear and happiness a mockery; and he could not understand it.

To achieve this understanding which would not come, the Prince finally departed one night. Yasodhara was sleeping with her child. He touched her feet, went thrice round her cot, and stole out. He softly called Channa





and asked him to get his horse ready. Not a soul woke up. For him the gates opened by themselves without any noise.

Riding forth till dawn, the Prince got down from his horse, Kantaka, removed his rich robes, his ornaments, and his sword. He cut off his locks, gave everything to Channa, and sent him back.

In the vicinity of Raj-griha where King Bimbisara ruled, the future Buddha engaged himself in fasts and penance. He discussed with the sages, but Truth eluded him. One day he saw a flock of sheep and goats being driven to be sacrificed. He found one of the lambs could not walk well, and its mother kept looking back anxiously. Carrying it on his shoulder, the Buddha went to the place where the sacrifice was taking place. He told the king to stop the sacrifice. "All can take life, but none can give it," he said. "Pity makes the world soft to the weak and noble for the strong." As he spoke there was a change in every heart, and the sacrifice was abandoned.

For seven years the Buddha went on searching for the Truth which would liberate mankind, and finally he found it under the Bodhi tree near Gaya. He realised the nature of Sorrow, Desire and *Karma*. He found the path to peace and *Nirvana*.

After seven long years the Buddha returned to Kapila-vastu, no longer a prince but a simple *sadhu*, clad in yellow robes, with begging bowl in hand. Yasodhara awaited him in great joy, along with her son, Rahul. But the King was angry that his successor should turn out a beggar instead of a ruler.

But this was no ordinary beggar. He was the king of kings. People came flocking to hear him reveal the Truth. King Suddhodana, Yasodhara, Rahul and all the rest of them listened to the Master and took the Path.

The teachings of the Buddha, the Divine Message, spread from land to land, and there was a new urge among mankind to lead a virtuous life, to treat life with compassion, and to tread the path to a higher life.





12

(Chased by the traitor Kumbhand and his savage tribesmen, Samarsen and his men found a cave to hide in. While the men got up a tree to watch the enemy, Samarsen discovered a secret opening in the back of the cave, but at the same time two strange men fell upon him.)

WHEN the two men fell upon him Samarsen was so taken by surprise that he could not utter even a single sound. At that very moment the fearsome roar of a lion was heard to come from the front of the cave.

The two men lifted Samarsen up on their shoulders and began to retreat in haste. Samarsen could do little, but he observed the surroundings carefully. It was a valley into which the men were descending. In the distance lights were twinkling.

"Who are you?" Samarsen asked the men after some time. "Why have you taken me prisoner?"

The two men exchanged glances but did not reply. Samarsen repeated his question, and then





shouted, "Friends come with a prisoner. Let them pass." In response several others were heard shouting in the distance. Samarsen was not only surprised at all this, but he was also somewhat nervous.

Finally Samarsen was taken to a house. As soon as the men knocked, the door opened. Samarsen was led into a room when his hands and feet were again tied up. "This is your bedroom for tonight," he was told. "Tomorrow morning you'll know the worst." Then the men went away.

Samarsen had no sleep for the rest of the night. He thought and thought, but he could not guess why these strangers had taken him prisoner. He was not expecting to find other civilised human beings on this island besides himself and Kumbhand. The men who brought him here were certainly no tribesmen.

one of them said, "That may be known when you see our commander." Samarsen failed to get any other answer from them. He concluded that there was no use talking to them.

As soon as they reached level ground at the bottom of the valley, the men lowered Samarsen and untied his hands and feet. Then they began to march, with the prisoner walking between them.

The lights were now quite near. A watchman on a tree

Samarsen's thoughts strayed from one thing to another till he



heard the cocks crowing, heralding the dawn. He also heard the pealing of temple bells. Then he heard some one coming, and the door opened with a creak.

Samarsen saw two new persons with swords come in, looking sharply at him. They approached him. "Is it temple bells I heard just now?" he asked, looking them squarely in the face.

"No," one of the men replied smiling. "That was the death gong. If you do not give correct

replies to Vyaghra-dutt you can consider yourself dead. So mind how you answer his questions."

Who was Vyaghra-dutt? What did he want to learn from him? Samarsen asked himself puzzled. He thought of asking these men, but they looked so fierce and forbidding that Samarsen thought it better not to talk to them.

Vyaghra-dutt's men untied Samarsen's hands and feet and let him out. Samarsen could not help asking them, "Where are you taking me?"





“We are taking you to our Commander, Vyaghra-dutt,” they replied coldly. “We warn you that you will pay for it if you do not behave properly.”

The men entered a huge building where Samarsen saw several armed guards. Seeing them and listening to their talk, Samarsen thought, “These men are no soldiers. From their dresses and way of talk one would think that they are just plain bandits.”

A huge door opened, and Samarsen saw Vyaghra-dutt seat-

ed on an elevated seat. Seeing Samarsen, Vyaghra-dutt raised his hand, smiled and said, “You’re welcome to the country of Vyaghra-mandal, Samarsen. It is possible that your ancestors and mine lived in the same village in Kundalini. Is it not strange that we, their descendants, should meet like this on the Isle of Sorcery?”

To Samarsen everything was strange since the moment he was taken prisoner. That he should be taken prisoner was itself strange. It was still more strange that Vyaghra-dutt should utter the name of Kundalini and remind him about his ancestors.

“Well, I’m surprised at everything,” Samarsen replied in a dignified manner. “Why did your men take me prisoner? Why have they brought me to you? When did you come to this island? I do not understand any of these things.”

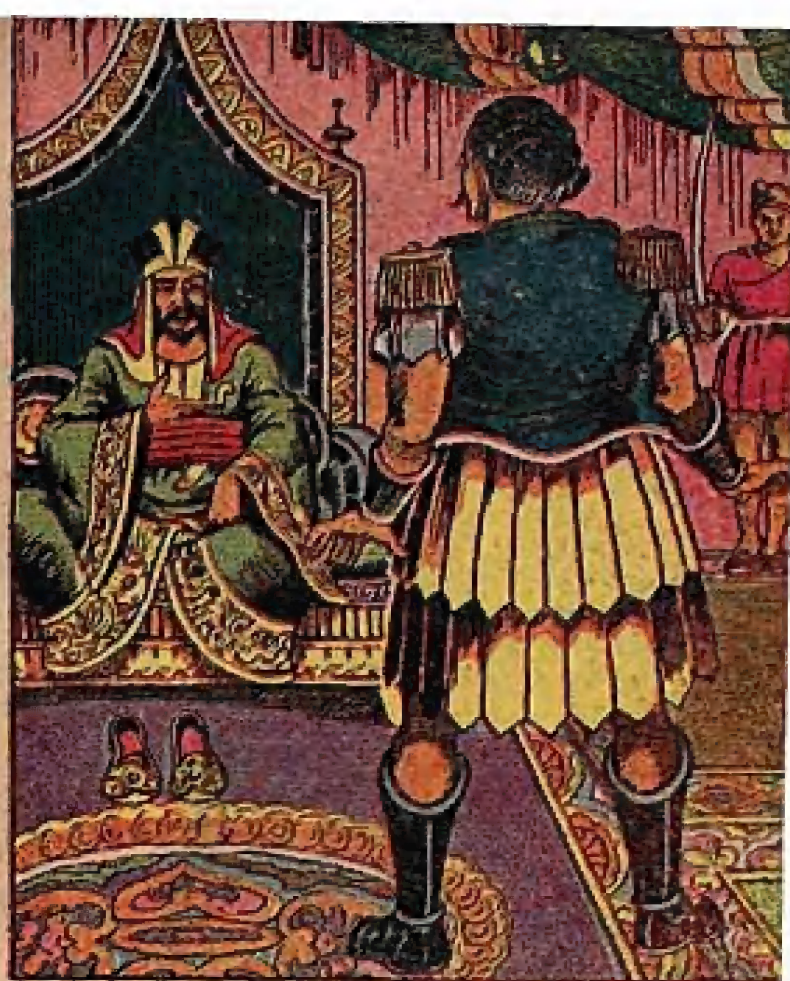
“There is no mystery here,” Vyaghra-dutt replied. “You

know, when Sakteya, the King of Shaman Isle, plundered various lands he came to Kundalini too. He took some of our able-bodied ancestors as slaves, and started out in ships to plunder some other lands. Probably you know that Sakteya met his end on this island. Some of our ancestors obtained their freedom and settled here. Sakteya had two disciples who were great sorcerers, and the rivalry between them was, in a way the instrument by which our ancestors got their freedom. Don't you know these sorcerers?"

"Of cours, I know them," Samarsen replied. The facts revealed by Vyaghra-dutt were entirely true and yet they were strange.

"Well, then," Vyaghra-dutt continued, "tell me where Sakteya's Trident is—the one Mother Chandika gave him. You must be knowing about it."

Samarsen was baffled by this query. He was hearing about



these details pertaining to Sakteya for the first time from Vyaghra-dutt's mouth. True; Four-eyes did tell him once about his master, Sakteya, but Samarsen was not even aware of the fact that, at one time, Sakteya plundered Kundalini itself. Nor did he ever hear about the Trident which Chandika bestowed upon Sakteya.

"Vyaghra-dutt," Samarsen replied, "I'm afraid I don't know the answer to your question. Evidently you had me caught on



account of a misapprehension. I know nothing of Sakteya or his magic Trident."

Vyaghra-dutt flared up at these words, "You can't fool me," he shouted, "by pretending ignorance. I'm giving you time till tomorrow morning. Ponder well, it will be better for you to reveal the truth. Otherwise you will be minced into meat and offered to Bhadra - Chamundi. Let me tell you, you are entirely at my mercy."

Samarsen was stunned. He understood that Vyaghra-dutt did not know that he was asking for information which Samarsen did not have. But it was not an easy thing to convince Vyaghra-dutt about his ignorance.

At Vyaghra-dutt's call two men entered and took Samarsen away to a dark cell. There he was bound hand and foot and thrown on the ground. In one corner of the cell there was the fierce image of Bhadra-Chamundi.



"By tomorrow morning you must decide whether you are going to give the information our commander asks for, or be sacrificed to this goddess," the men warned Samarsen, pointing at the image.

Samarsen was tortured both by hunger and the aching in his limbs, which were tied up. He was certain that he was going to die, next morning. If only he had Four-eyes to help him now! How could Samarsen send word to Four-eyes about his predica-

ment? If only he had someone to send!

Samarsen spent the entire day and half the night in the greatest physical and mental discomfort. About midnight he heard someone open the door of the cell. Puzzled, Samarsen lifted his head and saw two men enter the cell with drawn swords. He took them to be Vyaghra-dutt's men who had come to torture him.

On the contrary, the new persons approached Samarsen and proceeded to untie him. Then they signed to Samarsen to follow them, and began to walk off in a hurry.

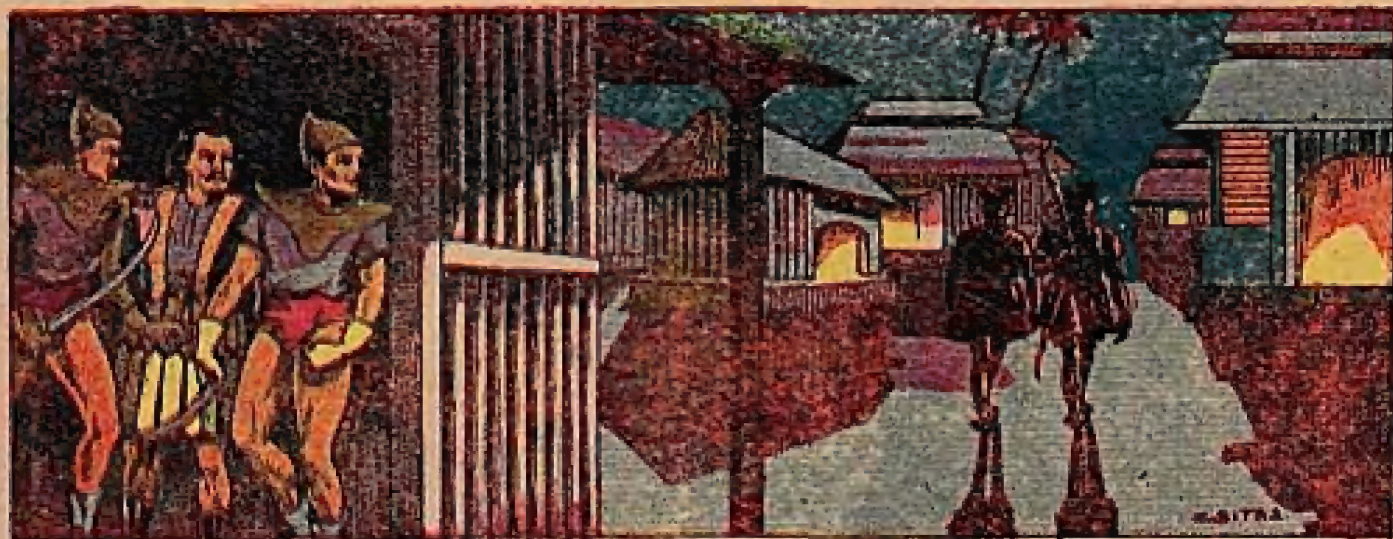
They did not go far when they saw two of Vyaghra-dutt's men

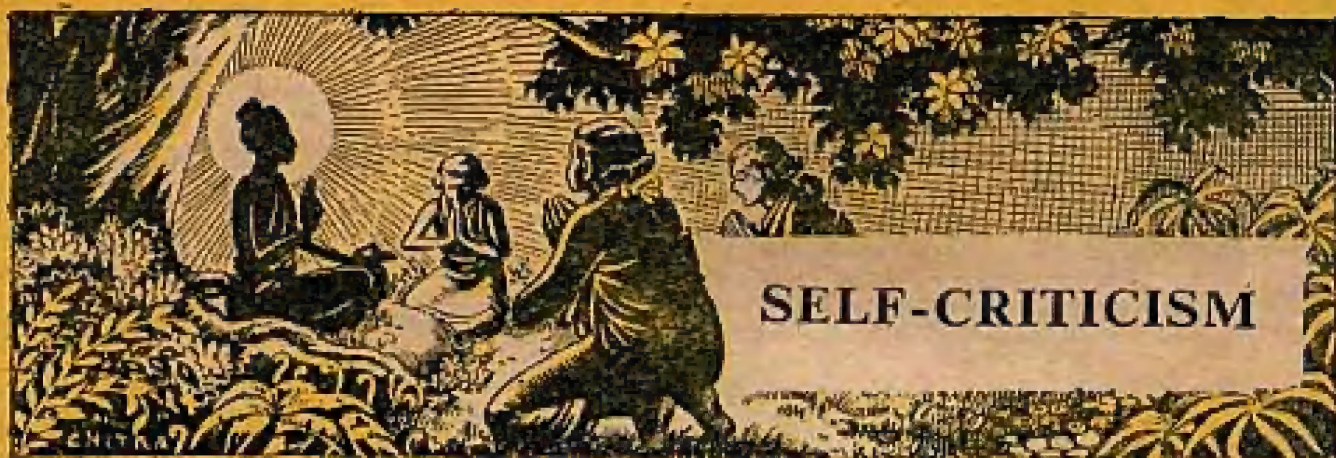
coming towards them. Samarsen was at once pulled into the shade. One of the men whispered to Samarsen, "We are your friends. Vyaghra-dutt's patrols are coming this way. They mustn't catch us. Be ready to fall on them and finish them off when they come near."

They had not to wait long before the patrolmen came there. Suddenly the three hiding in the dark fell upon them, killed them without the least noise, and threw the bodies in a well nearby.

Then they marched along mountain paths, and by sunrise arrived at a small village.

(To be continued)





SELF-CRITICISM

WHILE Brahma-dutt ruled Banaras, Bodhisatva was born as the Kuru King of Indra-prastha. His name was Dhananjaya. In his rule people were completely free from evils such as floods and famines, and were very happy. Dhananjaya's righteousness and philanthropy were widely known all over the continent.

At that time King Kalinga ruled the country of Kalinga with Danta-pur as his capital. One year there was famine in that kingdom due to lack of rains. Hunger stalked the land. Numberless children perished in the arms of their mothers. The entire populace lost its nerve.

This state of affairs upset King Kalinga very much. He called

his ministers and asked them, "What can be the reason for the failure of rains in our land this year? What should we do to get over this menace of famine?"

"O King," they replied, "when we stray from the path of righteousness such calamities occur. Take the case of King Dhananjaya of Indra-prastha who never deviates from the path of virtue. No calamity ever visits his kingdom. There it rains thrice a month, and the people are exceedingly happy."

"In that case," King Kalinga said to his ministers, "go to see King Dhananjaya, get him to write down the virtues he adopts in his rule, on leaves of gold, and bring them to me. I too shall adopt them and save the country!"





The ministers of Kalinga took some leaves of gold and travelled to Indra-prastha. They interviewed King Dhanan-jaya and said to him, "O virtuous King! We come from Kalinga where people are dying of terrible famine. You are the very Incarnation of Virtue! You rule your people absolutely righteously, so that your people live happily, free from all calamities. Should you be kind enough to write down on these leaves of gold the rules of righteous administration, we shall take them back to our

lord, who will put them into practice and save our country."

The ministers of Kalinga placed the leaves of gold before King Dhanan-Jaya. But King Dhanan-Jaya folded his hands to them and said, "Pardon me, wise ministers. I'm not competent to write down the rules of righteousness. For once I myself transgressed the path of virtue. I shall tell you how. The *Kartik* festival is celebrated in our land every third year. On that day the King has to perform *yajna* on the bund of a tank, and at the end of it he should shoot four arrows in the four directions. On one particular occasion I shot the arrows but only three of them were recovered, the fourth having fallen into the tank. When it fell with force many fishes and frogs must have died of it. Thus I deviated from the path of virtue. If my country is free from calamities it must be because of the virtue of some one else in the court. Kindly find out who it is."

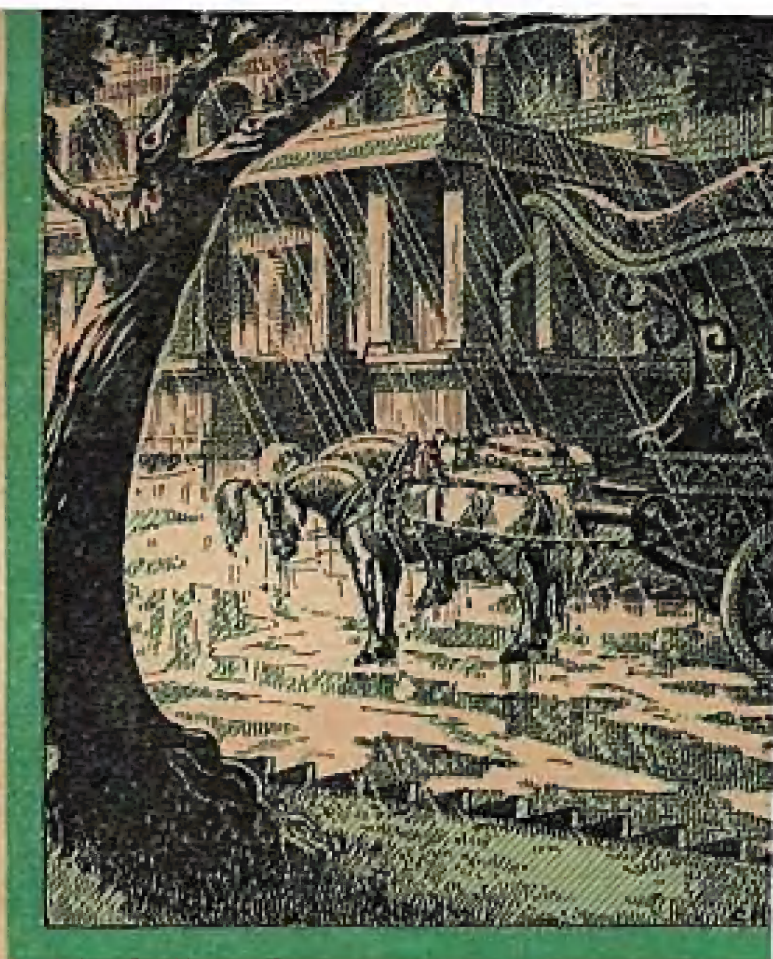
The ministers of Kalinga were surprised to hear this. They went

to Maya Devi, the King's mother, and told her what the king said. Then they asked her if she would oblige them by writing down the requisite rules of righteousness on the leaves of gold.

"Ah, my friends!" the old lady replied. "I too have strayed from the path of virtue once. Once my elder son gave me a gold necklace. I thought that since my elder daughter-in-law was rich, I should give it to the younger one. But after doing so I was tortured with remorse for having drawn such distinctions between my two daughters-in-law. How am I competent to write down the rules of righteousness? Please find someone else."

Then the ministers approached Nanda, the King's brother. But he too confessed that he had transgressed the path of virtue. He told of the incident thus:

"I take a ride to the palace every evening in my chariot. At times I stay away for the night. If I leave my whip in the chariot, my charioteer knows that I shall



return, and he waits for me. If I take the whip with me, the charioteer drives away and comes for me only the next morning. Well, one evening I left my whip in the chariot, intending to return soon. But suddenly it began to rain, and my brother, the King, detained me in the palace that night. All the night my charioteer waited for me, getting soaked in the rain. It was unforgivable on my part to have put him to that discomfort."

The ministers then went to the king's *purohit* hoping to find in

him the required qualifications to fill the leaves of gold. But the *purohit* too had to confess to breach of virtue. He said, "One day I was going to court when I saw a chariot with gold fittings. Seeing it, I had an urge to request the king to make a gift of that chariot to me. The moment the king saw me he told me that the chariot was a gift for me. I was so ashamed of my cupidity that I had to decline the gift. So take me not as an embodiment of virtue, which I am not."

As a last measure the ministers of Kalinga went to the minister of Dhanan-jaya. But he too had a confession. "One day," he said, "I went to measure a peasant's land. At the exact spot where the marking peg was to be driven into the ground I found a

small hole. If I avoided the hole and drove the peg to a side either the peasant or his neighbour would lose a bit of land. So in the name of accurate justice I ordered the peg to be knocked into the hole. As this was being done a small crab come out of the hole and got killed. Tell me, how am I entitled to write down the rules of righteousness?"

The baffled ministers of Kalinga were at last struck with a bright idea. They wrote down on the gold leaves all the stories they had heard, and took them to their king. The king of Kalinga read them and realised that the best virtue is the awareness of righteousness. With self-criticism as his motto he ruled his country, and the people were freed from all calamities and lived happily.



MAN AND HIS TOOLS

As we already know, man made his first tools out of stone some 650,000 years ago, and started the Old Stone Age, which came to an end about 10,000 years ago. During the first part of this period progress in tool-making was very slow. The choppers, most primitive of man's tools, were made out of quartzite and volcanic rock. The hand-axe was an improvement. This was made by chipping a core of flint. The chips were used for scraping, cutting and gouging. Gradually the hand-axe was improved, through improvements in technology.

As time went on, the flakes became more important and were the most important tools 170,000 years ago. From that time down to 37,000 years ago, Neanderthal Man dominated the earth. He hunted with spears which had flint points.

There were four periods of glaciation, when the ice crept towards the equator from the north. During the last period of glaciation (about 70,000 years ago) man did not move south, but protected himself from the cold with his newly developed skill.

The period that lasted from 37,000 upto 10,000 years ago saw great improvements in man's primitive tools. During the first 7,000 years of this period the flint blade was invented, and men could work skins and make clothing out of them. Then followed a variety of sharp, incising tools called burins. With the help of the burin a whole new variety of tools and weapons were made out of bone and horn. Between 20,000 and 16,000 years ago man learnt to detach thin flakes of flint by pressure. Many tools were made out of these thin flakes. During the last 6,000 years of the Old Stone Age, the eyed needle, the spear-thrower, and the barbed-point spear were invented.

By the end of the Old Stone Age (10,000 years ago) man was in possession of all the basic tools, he could clothe himself, and he could cook. He knew not agriculture, but he was the best hunter on earth, thanks to a variety of weapons.





What is a Ghost ?

ON the banks of the Kalindi there was a village called Punjika, and in that village lived a Brahman named Prajna. He was less than mediocre in several respects, and yet, by a stroke of luck, the loveliest maiden for several miles around was betrothed to him. Sulochana was her name. She belonged to the same village, and her parents agreed to the marriage because they knew Prajna quite well, and they wanted the girl to be near to them.

A day was fixed for the marriage. On the eve of the marriage Sulochana was decorated in the fashion of a bride. But she never liked this marriage. Only, none would listen to her. So she decided to commit suicide. In the dark before the dawn on

the day of marriage, Sulochana took a water pot and rushed to the river Kalindi. She put the pot on the bank and made to jump into the water, when suddenly some one held her from behind, and stopped her.

The person who stopped Sulochana from suicide was a very rich young man called Vithavarma of Kumbha-konam in the South. He had gone south on business and settled there. He came north with the intention of finding a suitable girl for a wife. He had seen several girls in several villages but was not satisfied with any. He was on his way to other places, when in the distance he saw Sulochana. On seeing her he got down from the horse and approached her on



foot. Sulochana kept looking backwards as she neared the river, and this made Vitha-varma suspect her intentions.

"What are you up to?" he asked her. "You look like a bride too! Who are you?"

She told him her story with tears streaming down her cheeks. "I didn't want to marry that man, I wished to die instead. And you've spoiled everything!" she added.

"A pretty kettle of fish!" he remarked in surprise. "Will you come away with me? I've been searching for a nice girl like you. If you don't mind living in the south away from your people, I'll marry you!"

"The moment I wanted to kill myself I've done with my people. Since you've stopped me from death, take my responsibility upon yourself," Sulochana said to him.

Vitha-varma took her upon his horse and turned homewards to Kumbha-konam.

In the morning people began to come to the river. They saw



an empty pot on the bank and raised an alarm. Soon the pot was identified, and Sulochana, the bride-to-be, was found missing. It was assumed that Sulochana died of drowning. As for reasons, there were as many as there were people.

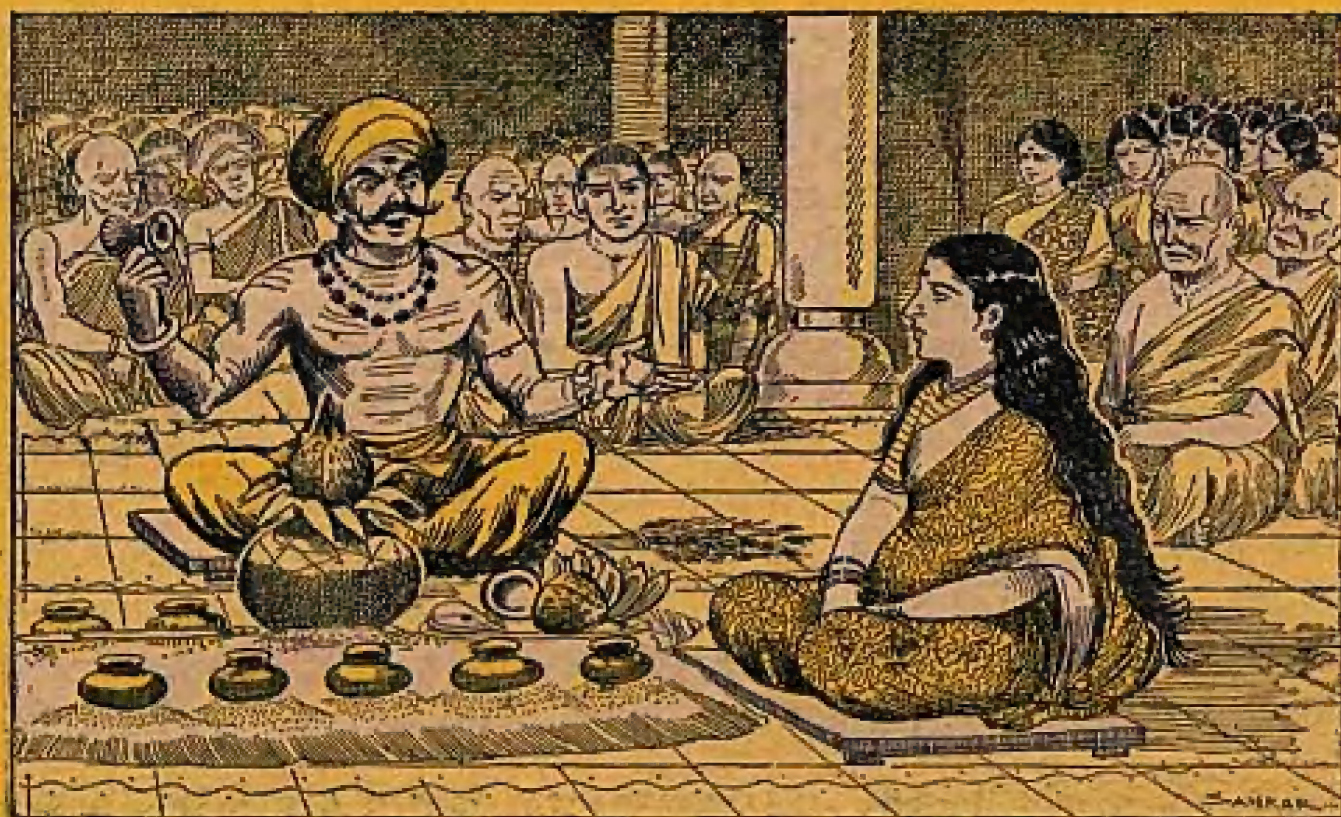
Even the most worthless of men can find somebody to marry him. A few days after the supposed death of Sulochana, Prajna was married to a girl called Radha. She came to live with him, and in the course of time she found herself in the family

way. She had an unusually severe attack of morning-sickness, and some thoughtless ladies in the village said to her, "Silly child, why did you go to the river while you are big with child? Everybody knows that the ghost of Sulochana is haunting those parts. Didn't it occur to you that she would be madly jealous of you for having married the man who should have been hers?"

This idle chatter drove poor Radha into a frenzy. Prajna was very much worried not only about the safety of his wife but

also of the child she was carrying. He consulted dozens of people who could see ghosts, talk to ghosts and were experts in ghost-eradication. Without a single exception all of them said that Sulochana had possessed Radha. They undertook to drive away the vicious spectre by chanting *mantras*, tying talismans around Radha's neck, and various other juggleries. Four different *mantriks* caught the ghost and buried her deep down in the earth!

In any case Radha did regain her health, and in due course



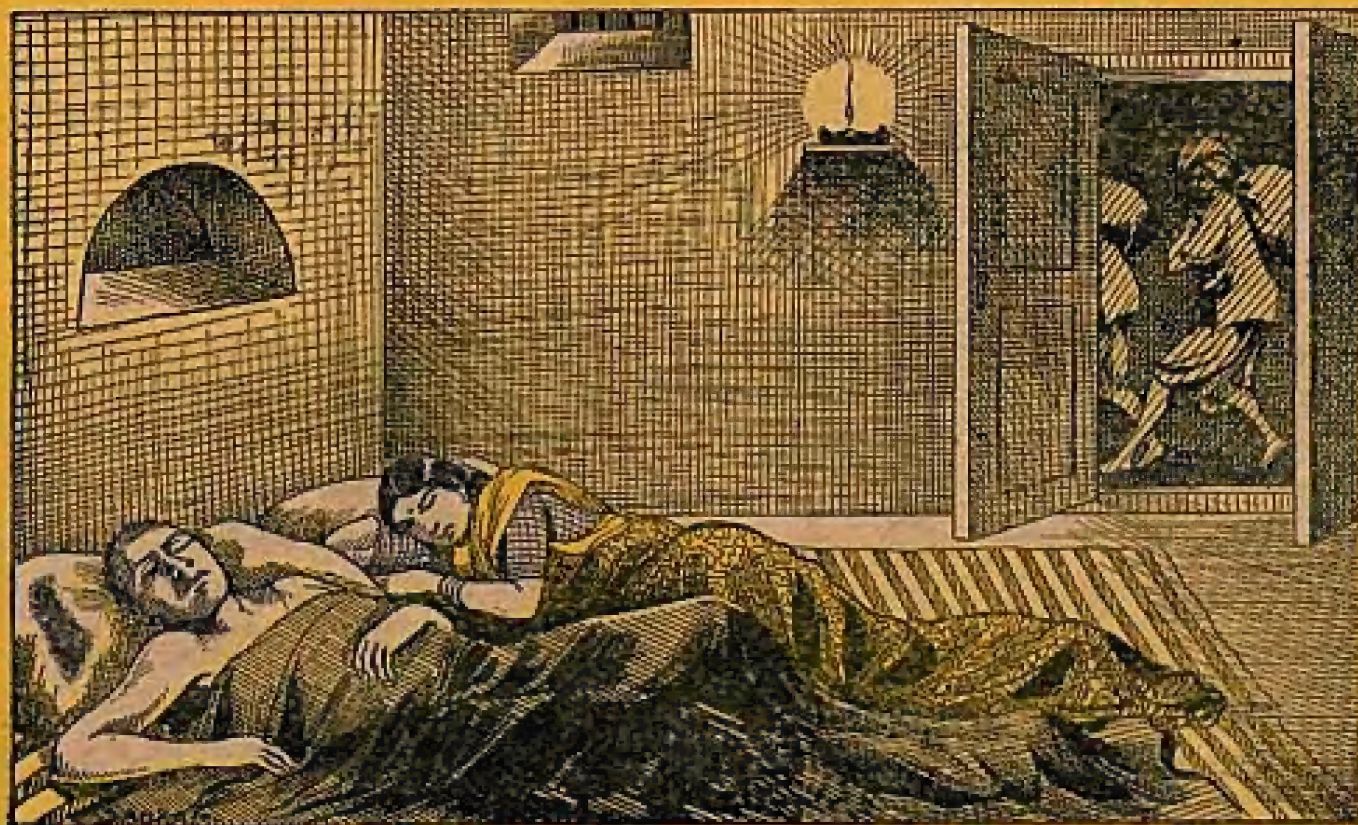
gave birth to a daughter. But most unexpectedly the babe died only a few hours after birth, and it was quite clear that the ghost was far from destroyed.

"This ghost will not yield to cheap tricks," some of the villagers told Prajna. "The best cure for this is going on a religious pilgrimage."

"Rameshwar!" said some others. "That's where you should go. Why, sometime back one of our villagers was possessed by a ghost, and one trip to Rameshwar rid him of it for good!"

So Prajna started with his wife on a pilgrimage to Rameshwar. They travelled for several weeks and at long last reached the city of Kumbha-konam. There they lodged in a choultry, but during the night some thieves made away with all their belongings, except the clothes they slept in.

The unhappy pilgrims did not know what to do. They were quite helpless. Some people who learnt about their plight told Prajna, "You needn't worry at all. In this city there is a merchant, a highly charitable



man. If you see him and tell him about your misfortune, he will certainly help you."

Prajna got the address of this charitable merchant and went to see him, along with his wife. While Prajna was talking to the rich man, Radha went in to the rich man's wife. She told her how she was possessed by the ghost of Sulochana, how they failed in all their attempts to overpower the ghost, how they were advised to make a pilgrimage to Rameshwar, and finally how they were robbed of everything at the choultry.

The merchant's wife heard out Radha and began to remove her ornaments. Then she changed into a much simpler dress and sent word that the gentleman

who was talking to her husband should be brought to her.

Prajna came, but he did not look at the merchant's wife. "Look here, sir!" she said. "Don't you recognise me?" Prajna looked at her and his jaw fell. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed at last. "You're Sulochana!" For it was she.

Then Sulochana turned to Radha and said with a smile, "You see, you've been trying all the while to get rid of *my* ghost! Isn't it silly? Stop filling your head with such bunkum. Go back home and be happy."

Sulochana told them her story. Prajna and his wife were entertained for a couple of days, and with the help of Sulochana returned home.



A man in traditional Indian attire, including a dhoti and a shawl, is walking through a forest. He is carrying a large, wrapped bundle (a corpse) on his shoulder. He has a sword tucked into his belt. The forest is dense with trees and foliage. The title 'THE GRATEFUL KING' is written in a large, serif font at the top of the page.

THE GRATEFUL KING

VIKRAM again went back to the tree, took down the corpse, threw it across his shoulder, and began to walk towards the cremation ground. "O King," said Bethal, "You remind me of King Chanda-simha, who too underwent great troubles for the sake of another. Let me lighten your task by telling his story." And he began to narrate the following tale:

At one time Tamra-lipti on the East Coast was ruled by King Chanda-simha. He was very kind to those who served him, and princes of many lands came for employment in his court.

One such was a prince from South, named Satva-seela. This young man was a victim of mis-

Stories of Bethal





fortune. He lost his kingdom, travelled for several days, and arrived at the palace gate in tattered clothes. The king took him for a commoner and engaged him as a servant.

Satva-seela considered this as one more stroke of bad luck. Without asking for wages or allowances, he looked after the King's horses for full ten years.

One day the King went on a hunting expedition accompanied by his huntsmen. It was Satva-seela's job to run ahead of the King's horse. In the excitement

of the chase the King raced ahead of his men, and became isolated. But Satva-seela was still running ahead.

They reached the heart of the forest where no soul was to be seen. The King realised that he had lost the way and asked Satva-seela, "Do you know the way we came?"

"I know quite well, sir," Satva-seela replied. "It's now noon. Rest for a while, and I'll show you the way back."

"I must have a cool bath," the King said. "Also, I'm thirsty. Hungry, too. What's to be done?"

Telling the King that he would see what could be done, Satva-seela climbed up a tall tree and looked around. At some distance he saw a rivulet, climbed down the tree, and took the King to the rivulet. After the King had his bath, Satva-seela took two *amla* fruits from his pocket and said, "Sir, eat them and stop your hunger."

"How could you get these things here?" the King asked



in surprise. "Can they stop hunger?"

"Sir," Satva-seela replied, "I've been satisfying my hunger with them for the ten years I've been in your service. I have eaten nothing else. I always keep a supply of these fruits with me."

The King asked for the full story of this strange man, and was greatly astonished when he heard it. He was also smitten with remorse that he had failed to inquire into the affairs of one who had served him for ten years so faithfully, without asking for wages or allowances.

On returning to the palace the King narrated in the full court the story of Satva-seela, and bestowed on him endless gifts of land and money, besides appointing him as one of his intimate counsellors. Even then the King felt that he did not repay Satva-seela properly.

Some years went by. The King decided to marry. His ministers advised him to marry the Princess of Ceylon. The King chose Satva-seela to negotiate with the



King of Ceylon. Taking with him a number of *purohits*, Satva-seela started on a voyage, and when they were in mid-ocean a very strange thing happened.

Across the path of the ship a pillar of gold rose out of the water, and, at the same moment, a mighty storm swept the sea. The gale threw the ship against the pillar of gold, and the ship began to sink.

Satva-seela was furious with the King of the Ocean for having frustrated his mission. He drew his sword and plunged into the





waters. Though he sank to a great depth, Satva-seela could not see any King of the Ocean, but he did see at the bottom of the sea very pleasant gardens and a temple of Parvati.

Entering the temple and doing homage to the goddess, Satva-seela sat in a corner, when a young lady of indescribable charm stepped into the temple, accompanied by a thousand maids. The young lady did not care to look at Satva-seela even once. She worshipped the goddess and made to depart with her

maids. Satva-seela, who had lost his heart to the charming maid, got up and followed her.

The ladies walked on till they reached a palace, and took their seats in a hall. Satva-seela sat near to the object of his love, and began to stare at her unceremoniously. After a while, the young lady could stand his staring no more, and she made some sign to her maids. At once one of the maids approached Satva-seela and said to him, "Sir, you're our guest today. There's a pond nearby. Have your bath and come back to have food."

Satva-seela was very happy. He went to the pond and got into the water to bathe. But the next instant he found himself floating in the well of the royal gardens of Tamra-lipti. The guards recognised him and took him to the King.

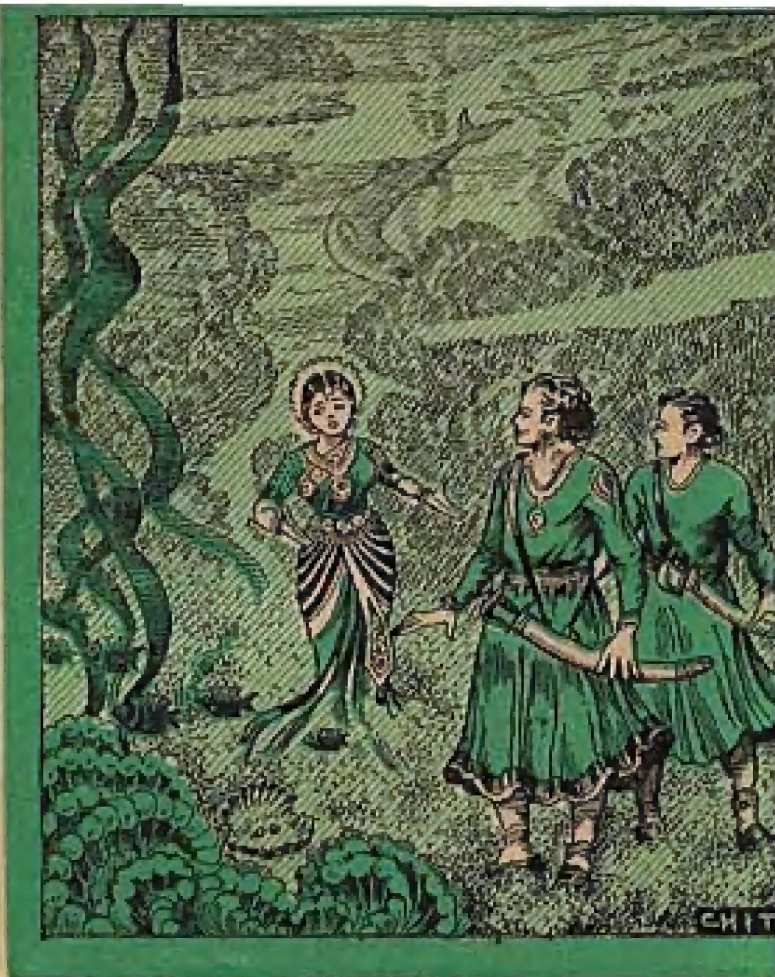
The King heard to the experiences of Satva-seela. He was not the least worried about the sinking of his ship or the disruption of the negotiations for his marriage; he was glad that he

got the opportunity to do a good turn to Satva-seela. "Do not pine away for that charming girl," he said to Satva-seela. "I will see that she marries you. Let us take another ship on the same route."

Once again the pillar of gold rose across the path of the King's ship. As soon as he saw it Satva-seela jumped into the sea, and the King followed suit. They touched bottom near the temple of Parvati. As they came out of the temple after paying homage to the goddess, they saw the young lady arrive at the temple with her maids. She looked at the King just once before she went into the temple.

The King did not wait for her. He took Satva-seela for a stroll in the gardens around. The girl came out of the temple after worship, and looked for the King. Not seeing him, she said to one maid, "Search for the King whom we met while going in, and invite him to dine with us."

This girl searched the gardens till she came upon the King and



his companion, and invited them to dinner on behalf of her mistress.

"The invitation satisfies us," the King said to her. "The dinner is not essential."

On learning what the King said, the mistress came in person to invite the King.

"I was told about the hospitality you gave to my friend here," the King said to her. "I don't stand in need of such hospitality."

"Sir," the girl said protesting, "you are a great person. I would never think of treating you like that."

The King accepted her invitation and followed her with his companion. She treated them with the utmost respect and said to the King, "Sir, I'm the daughter of Kala-nemi, the King of Daityas. Viswa-Karma built for my father this unique city where old age and death dare not show themselves. It was only by leaving this place that my father got killed by Lord Vishnu. After his death I have become the ruler here. Never in the past had I the luck of receiving a guest of your status. If you want anything of me you've only to order me."

"In that case," the King said, "I wish you to marry my friend right now." The girl agreed and Satva-seela married her in the King's presence.

"I ate two *amla* fruits of yours," the King said to Satva-seela. "I'm still in debt to you for one of them." So saying, the King jumped into the pond, and returned to Tamra-lipti.

Having told this story, Bethal asked Vikram, "O King, both Chanda-simha and Satva-seela jumped into the ocean bravely. But which of them was the more brave? If you know the answer and still do not speak, your head shall split."

"Of course, Satva-seela was the more brave. When he jumped into the ocean he did not know what was going to happen, whereas Chanda-simha knew," Vikram replied.

Thus the King's silence was broken and Bethal returned to the tree with the corpse.





Mother and Daughter

4

[I]t was really an unlucky day for Ahmad. He was not gone very far when Hasan met him and said to him ironically, "How now, Ahmad? Is it good for your health to come out into this chill air so scantily dressed?"

"However much one may try," Ahmad said with a sigh, "one may not escape one's fate. A chit of a girl fooled me. Do you happen to know her?"

"Of course, I know her," Hasan replied. "Her mother, too! Do you want me to arrest them?"

"How will it be possible?" Ahmad asked.

"It'll be possible," replied Hasan, "if you go to the Khalifa

and confess that you cannot lay your hands on the old woman. Suggest that I should be entrusted with the job."

Ahmad followed his advice. The Khalifa sent for Hasan and asked him, "Do you know the old woman? Can you arrest her and bring her here?"

"I know the woman well, Your Highness," Hasan said. "I do not believe that she committed these thefts for the sake of the booty. I am inclined to think that she wants to impress Your Highness with her cleverness. If you promise to let her free on condition that she returns the stolen stuff, I can bring her here in no time."

M. RADHAKRISHNA



The Khalifa having given the required promise, Hasan went to Delilah's house. Zenab opened the door for him. "Ask your mother to come with me," he told Zenab. "Let her bring the stuff she has stolen. I've the Khalifa's promise to let her free."

Delilah came down. She loaded all the stuff she had stolen on horses, put on a good dress, and said that she was ready.

"Are you bringing all the stolen goods?" Hasan asked her.

"All except the uniforms of Ahmad and his men." Delilah

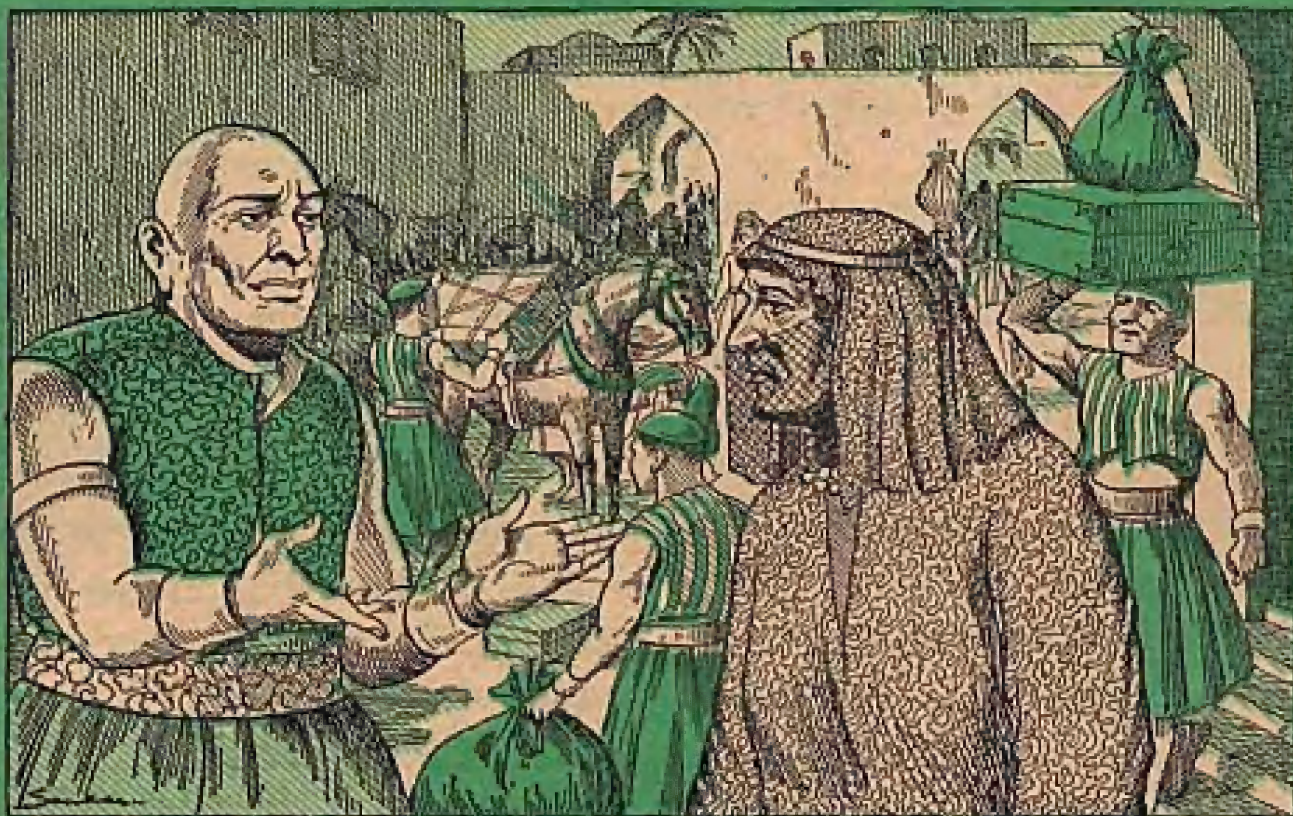
said. "You see, I've nothing to do with that affair."

"Yes, I know," Hasan said with a smile. "It was the work of someone else."

Presently they reached the Khalifa's court. The moment the Khalifa set eyes on Delilah he shouted to his guards to take the wretch away and behead her. But Hasan reminded him politely about the promise he had given.

"Well, what's your name?" the Khalifa asked Delilah.

"I'm the wife of the man who looked after your pigeon post,



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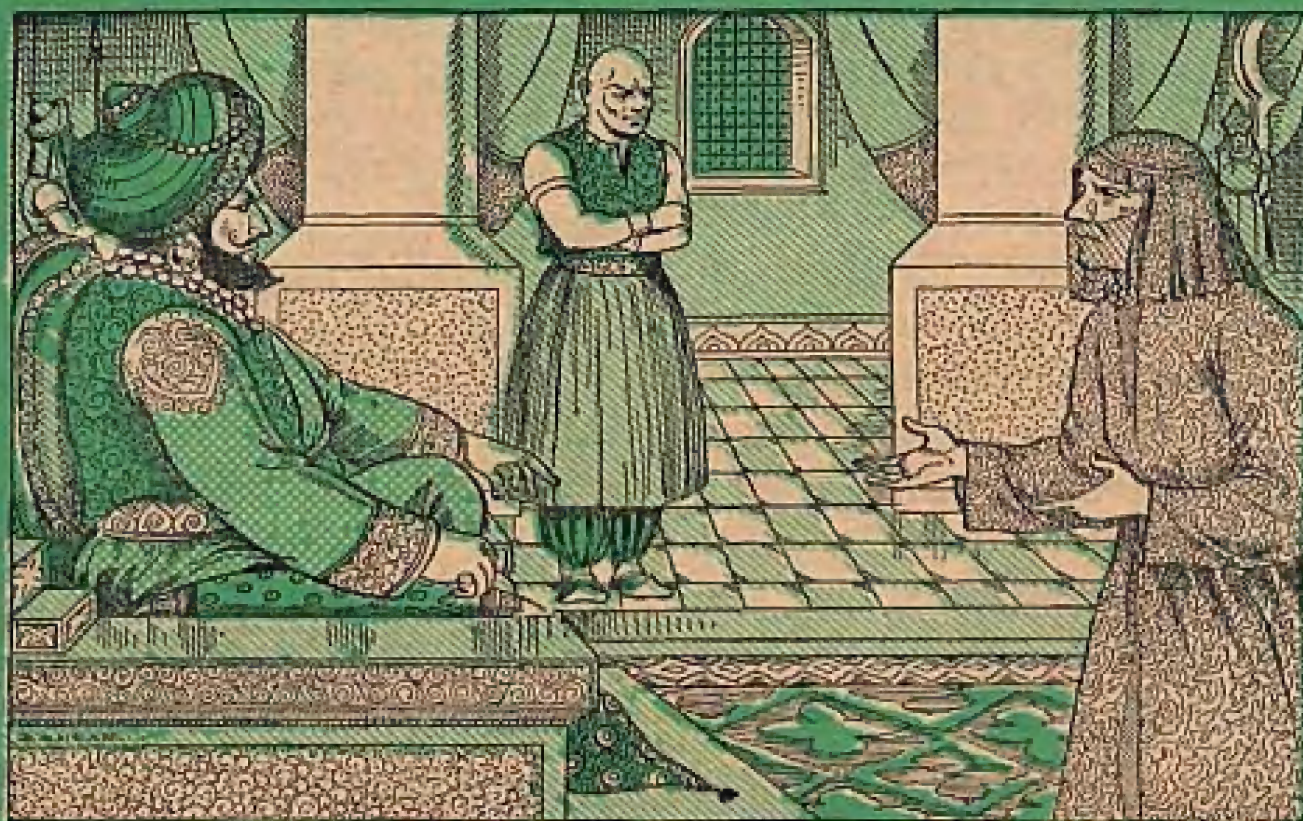
Your Highness," she replied.
"My name is Delilah."

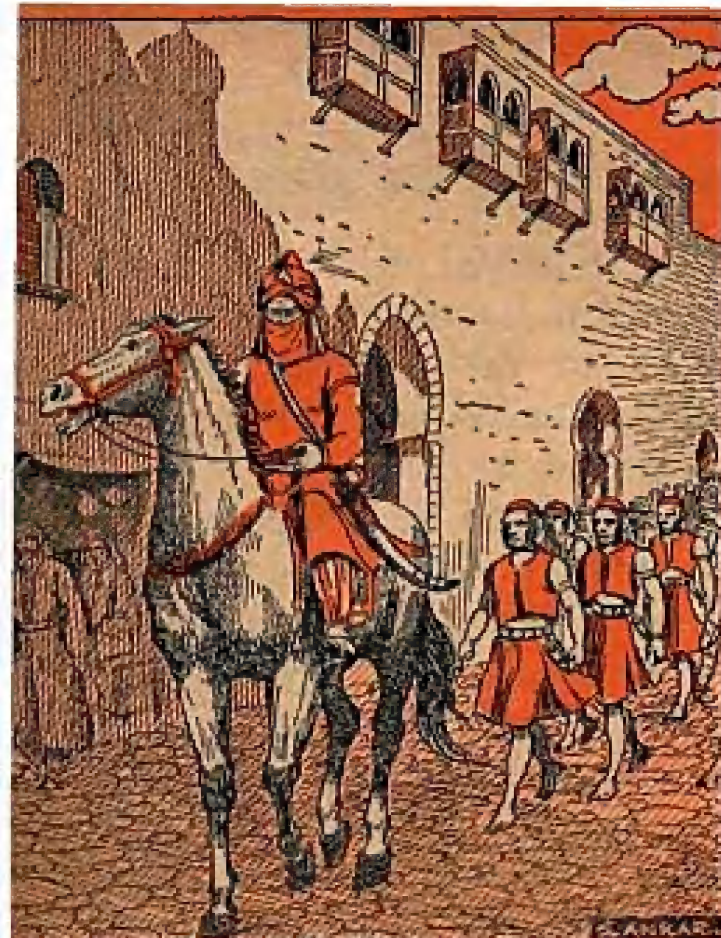
"You appear to be a terrible creature," the Khalifa said.
"Why did you fool all these persons?"

"Your Highness should pardon my audacity," Delilah replied bowing thrice. "I didn't do it because of avarice. Having seen Your Highness bestow great honour upon the erstwhile thieves, Hasan and Ahmad, I thought of proving to you that I am not much inferior to them in cunning."

The Khalifa ordered that all the stolen goods should be returned to the rightful owners, and then asked her, "What is it you desire, woman?"

"I want to be appointed as the chief of the pigeon post in the place of my husband. I know the work well. I and my daughter looked after the pigeons, prepared the messages and sent them with the pigeons. I've managed the entire outfit consisting of the forty negro slaves and the forty hounds. My husband did nothing to run the establishment."





At once the Khalifa issued the order appointing her the new chief of the pigeon post, on the same salary as was drawn by her husband. Also, the forty slaves and forty hounds were handed over to Delilah.

Delilah shifted with her daughter to the establishment which was set apart for the pigeon post. She put on the dress of a man, wore a cap with a gold pigeon at its peak and rode to the palace to collect the messages that were to be sent abroad. All the forty slaves were dressed in uniforms

of red brocade. Delilah arranged forty-one pegs in the walls of her new residence, and hung the costumes of Ahmad, Ali the Hunchback and the rest of the thirty nine police, as souvenirs.

Thus Delilah achieved what she wanted and began to live happily with her daughter, Zenab.

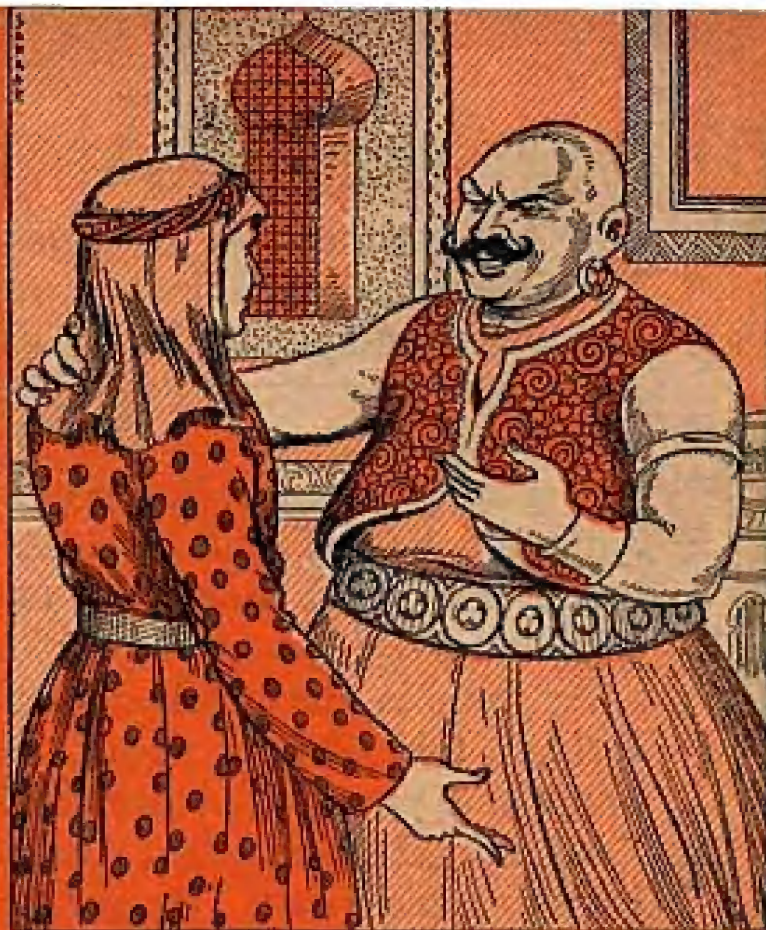
Some days after the foregoing incidents happened, a young man, popularly called "Quicksilver", came to the city of Baghdad. His real name was Ali. He was very handsome to look at but, even at his age, was already a famous thief. He belonged to Cairo. When Ahmad the chief of police was operating as a thief at Cairo, Quicksilver apprenticed himself to him and learnt the art. Later Ahmad left Cairo, arrived in Baghdad, operated successfully as a thief for some time, and later was appointed by the Khalifa as the chief of police. During Ahmad's absence in Cairo, Quicksilver was made the leader of the thieves of that city. He was caught several times but escaped each time, and

this got him the nickname of "Quicksilver."

It was Ahmad who called Quicksilver to Baghdad. Ever since he was put to disgrace over the affair of Delilah, Ahmad had thought of Quicksilver every day. If only Ahmad had him by his side, this disgrace would not have come upon him. Ahmad was anxious to take revenge upon Delilah, but he could not do so as Delilah was now equal in status to himself. Quicksilver was the proper person to do it.

The moment Ali Quicksilver arrived in Baghdad he went to see Ahmad. Ahmad was overjoyed to see Ali. He embraced him and said, "Brother, I've a very interesting job for you. But first you must stay in my house for a few days without anyone knowing about it. Later I can take you to the Khalifa and get you appointed at court."

Ali Quicksilver stayed in Ahmad's house for a couple of days. But he felt imprisoned, and on the third day he slipped out as soon as Ahmad went to



court. He wanted to see the four quarters of the city.

Ali did not go very far when he came upon an old woman dressed like a man and wearing a cap with a gold pigeon on its peak, riding a horse and followed by forty negro slaves in uniforms of red brocade. Of course it was Delilah returning home from the palace with the messages.

Delilah saw the new face of Quicksilver and marvelled at his beauty. At the same time she noticed a certain resemblance in expression between this stranger

and Ahmad the chief of police. For, indeed, Ali acquired a way of looking and certain facial expressions from Ahmad when he was Ahmad's disciple. The boy was coming from the direction of Ahmad's house, and Delilah's quick brain put two and two together.

As soon as she reached home Delilah told Zenab about the handsome young man and said, "My dear, I suspect that Ahmad is up to some tricks. He got this boy for that purpose if I'm not mistaken. The boy is a stranger

to Baghdad. From the way he kept looking at the houses and streets I assume that he has arrived quite recently. In any case we should be on our guard."

"Are you afraid of a beardless youth, mother?" Zenab said to her mother. She at once put on a captivating dress, blackened her eye-lashes, covered her face with a transparent veil, took a bag, and went into the street like walking lightning.

As she walked along prettily she found Quicksilver near a shop and recognised him by the



description she had from her mother. she walked past him jostling him, then turned back and hissed, "Blind fool!"

Quicksilver now saw her and was struck with her beauty. He smiled and said, "How beautiful you are! Who are you?"

"I'm a merchant's daughter and a merchant's wife," Zenab replied. "You look like a stranger. Where are you putting up?"

Quicksilver could not mention Ahmad. So he said, "I'm not lodged yet. I'm looking for a proper place."

"Why don't you come to our house? It's big," Zenab told him. "I'm utterly alone while my husband attends to his shop."

Quicksilver thought that he should not accept this girl's invitation. But then he thought that this girl could have no reason to be his enemy as he was quite a stranger to this city. So he decided to go with her and find out what sort of girl she was.

Zenab took him through several lanes before she halted in front of a big mansion belonging to a wealthy merchant. Zenab knew



that at the moment the merchant was living alone and that during the day he would be at his shop. She began to fumble in her bag as if searching for the key.

"Good gracious!" she said at last. "I must have dropped the key somewhere. Can you manage to open the lock?" Quicksilver said he would try, and he opened the huge padlock in no time. Zenab was now sure that he was an expert thief.

They went inside. Zenab asked Quicksilver to sit in the hall while she prepared food. Then she took an empty pot and went to the well to fetch water.

A few moments later Quicksilver heard a piercing shriek. He ran to the well and found Zenab looking into the well as if she dropped something.

"What happened?" he asked.

"My diamond ring!" she exclaimed. "My husband bought it only yesterday, paying five hundred dinars for it. I told him that it was loose for my finger. It has now fallen into the well. My husband will be wild if he comes to know about it! What shall I do now?" She began to whimper.

"I shall get it for you! Don't you worry," said Quicksilver. He tied a stout rope to the cross-bar of the well and with its help got down into the well after removing his clothes. The moment he dived into the water, Zenab drew the rope up, saying to herself, "Let Ahmad get him out of the well!" Then she took his clothes and went home.

(To be continued)





SATURN

BIGGER than all the other planets except Jupiter, 72,000 miles in diameter, Saturn revolves round the Sun at a distance of about 900 million miles. Moving at the rate of 6 miles a second, it makes a full round of the Sun in about 30 years, which is Saturn's year. But its day—the period of its revolution—is only 10 hours and 14 minutes. So a person who lives 60 years on the Earth can live only for about two years on Saturn, but he will see many more days!

This does not mean that there is life on Saturn. It is far too cold to sustain life; it receives only 1 per cent. of the light and heat which the Earth receives from the Sun. Also, the atmosphere of Saturn contains gases which are not fit to breathe.

Saturn is the most beautiful of the heavenly bodies because of its three rings. Unfortunately these rings cannot be seen with the naked eye. Galileo who was the first man to see these rings through a telescope, was thrilled at the sight.

Of the three rings the middle one is the widest and brightest. The inner ring is dusty, and looks like transparent crepe. Between the middle ring and the outer ring there is a dark space. The outer ring is somewhat dull. These rings are made up of very fine particles, probably no larger than dust particles. They may be composed of very fine water crystals too. No one knows about their origin. It is possible that a satellite which came too close to the body of Saturn got pulled to pieces.

Saturn has still got nine moons, all of them beyond the rings, which extend to a distance of 40,000 miles, though the thickness of the rings is only 100 miles. These rings throw their shadow on Saturn, and the shadow stretches over an area which is as big as one of our continents.





GODLINESS

IN a certain village there were two elderly men called Gopal and Govind. Gopal was a well-to-do man with twenty acres of land, a large herd of cattle and a big house, while Govind was a small peasant with five or six acres of land. All the same they moved like brothers.

They had taken a vow to make a pilgrimage to Banaras and worship Lord Visweshwara. Govind was ready to make the journey any time, but Gopal was always having one obstacle or another. One year the house was extended and the year after that he extended the cattle-shed.

"What about the pilgrimage, Gopal?" Govind asked. "Are we making it this year, or not? The delay is always due to you."

"Don't worry!" Gopal replied. "We shall make the journey all right. It's no joke preparing for such a journey. You need at least a hundred rupees. You can't raise an amount like that all of a sudden."

"Promise to start tomorrow, and I'll raise the money," Govind retorted. "Being the richer man, you shouldn't say that!"

Goaded by Govind, Gopal decided on the pilgrimage. He spent a month leaving all his affairs in his son's charge. He told the boy in detail how to mind the farm and the cattle-yard, how to sell the crop, what to sow in each bit of land, what to store and in what quantities, how and when to pay the taxes and so forth. He also told the

(ADAPTED FROM TOLSTOY)

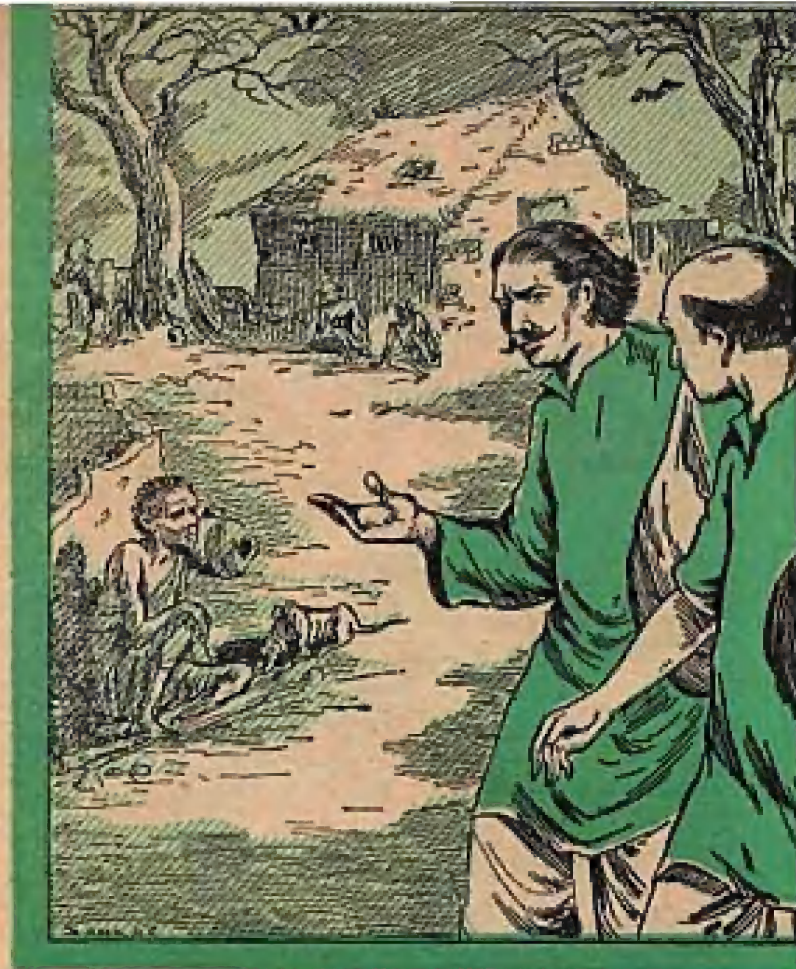


members of his household how to conduct themselves in his absence.

Govind sold his two bulls to a merchant, took a hundred from him, and arranged to pay the balance out of the sale of the crop. He called his son and said to him, "Well, son, you shouldn't expect me to guide you always. So manage things as best you can."

Then both the men started on the pilgrimage to Banaras. For a month the journey went off happily. Wherever they halted they found rest-houses and hospitality. Invariably they were provided for the journey with extra food, and they did not have to spend a pie out of their own purse.

But when they reached the region of the Vindhya they began to face hardships. That year the region had no rains at all. A terrible famine stalked the land. All the wells and tanks were dried up, and people had to buy water. All the choultries were closed down. Even



for a crust of dry bread one had to pay a large sum of money.

"Let us cross this country as swiftly as we can," Gopal suggested to his friend. They rested only for six hours in the night and walked the rest of the day. The land was desolate. They hardly saw any human being on the way. Though they were past their prime, the two men kept up their pace resolutely.

One midday Govind told Gopal, "I'm very thirsty. I shall have some water in that house there."



"I shall go ahead," Gopal said. "Don't lag behind and waste your time."

Govind entered into the yard of the house he had seen, and asked loudly, "Who is in?" There was no reply. He stepped into the house and was surprised to see the inmates lying like logs all over the place. Govind could not make out whether they were dead or alive.

This house belonged to a poor peasant. The peasant, his wife, his mother, daughter and son laboured on a very tiny tract

of land. Even when the land yielded much the family never had a square meal. The famine was their undoing. The land did not yield a single grain. The milch cow was the first to be sold. Then the various bits of furniture, the vessels and the utensils went one after another. Everything was sold, and for the past seven days not one of them ate a morsel of food. For the last two days there was no water too. The previous day the peasant's mother started out with a mud pot to fetch some water from the well. But she fell down, and the pot was broken. She could not move again.

When Govind saw this family, particularly the kids, at death's door, he suffered from unbearable agony. He found a flat mud pot in a corner and went out to fetch water. He found the well at some distance from the house, and brought water from it and poured it down the throats of all the members. Govind was carrying a couple of thick slices of bread. He wetted pieces of

bread and fed the children first, and then the others. In an hour or so all of them were able to sit up.

But they were by no means past danger. Govind went into the village and brought a few pots and provisions. He gathered a heap of dry kindling. After several weeks the poor peasant's family had a full meal that evening. They looked on Govind as God himself. The kids called him grandpa. When he saw them laughing and moving about Govind's heart was filled with joy.

Govind thought of leaving that night and joining Gopal. But what would happen to this family if he went away now? In another week they would all be at death's door again. The mere recollection of that scene made him shiver.

"Uncle," said the poor peasant, "you've come to help us when God himself has forsaken us. But, how long can you go on helping us?"

"Something must be done, you know," Govind replied.



"Let us till the field and grow some vegetables in the yard."

"I sold away the cart and buffaloes. The field is under mortgage for thirty rupees. If I cultivate it, the yield will go to the creditor," the poor peasant said.

Govind took the peasant to the money-lender, paid the debt and freed the field. He spent another sum of forty rupees on a cart and a pair of buffaloes. The poor family seemed to get fresh energy from Govind. The very sight of the man made them exuberant.

Three months went by. Crop stood high in the peasant's field. All the members of the family toiled to grow vegetables in the yard. These were a good source of income to the family.

"I can go now," said Govind to himself. "These people can get on without me. Gopal will have reached Banaras by now, lucky soul!"

But when Govind spoke of leaving, everyone protested. The kids in particular said, "Don't go, grandpa!" They even shed tears. So he had to sneak out

at night when everyone was asleep. Coming on to the road he counted his money and found that he was left with twelve rupees and some change.

"How can I go to Banaras with such a small amount?" Govind thought. "Well, God wills otherwise." He heaved a sigh and turned back homewards. After a month he was with his family again.

Now, while Govind went to drink some water Gopal walked for a mile and sat down in the shade of a tree to have his



midday meal. After the meal he had a short nap. Then he woke up and waited for Govind. After waiting for full two hours in vain, it occurred to Gopal that Govind might have passed by and gone ahead while he was having his nap. There was no other explanation for Govind's delay. He had stopped only to drink some water. So Gopal got up and began to walk briskly.

Weeks and months passed. At every village he came to Gopal inquired if such and such a person with a bald head had gone

that way. But not one person seemed to have seen Govind along the entire route.

At last Gopal reached Banaras. He bathed in the Ganges, visited all the temples and finally went to Lord Visweshwar's Temple. The inside of the temple was packed with pilgrims. Being an aged man Gopal could not push himself inside the place of worship. Those who were more lucky than himself were around the *linga*, touching it and purifying themselves. Gopal could see their faces in the brilliance of



the lights. While looking at them Gopal had a great surprise. For, even as he was looking, a certain person touched the *linga* with his forehead and rose up. His bald head gleamed in the light, and Gopal clearly recognised Govind.

"Ah, my friend," Gopal said to himself, "you were ahead of me, after all!" He was quite glad that Govind managed to get to the interior, and he decided to wait outside to meet him as he came out. He waited till evening until everyone went out, but Govind was not among them. He simply disappeared.

Gopal stayed three days in Banaras and visited Visweshwara's Temple every day. Every time he saw Govind and his bald head near the *linga*, and

waited for him, but not once did he see him come out.

Gopal went to Gaya, Prayag and other sacred places before starting for home. On his return journey he saw the house where Govind had stopped to slake his thirst, and went to the house to get news of Govind.

Then he learnt all about Govind. Govind stayed with that family for three months. He never reached Banaras!

"Ah, my friend," Gopal thought, "you are the Lucky Soul! I now know how you managed to be near the *linga* all the time. Well, it appears one needn't go all the way to Banaras in order to touch the Sacred Linga and be purified!" Gopal heaved a sigh and turned his feet in the direction of his home.

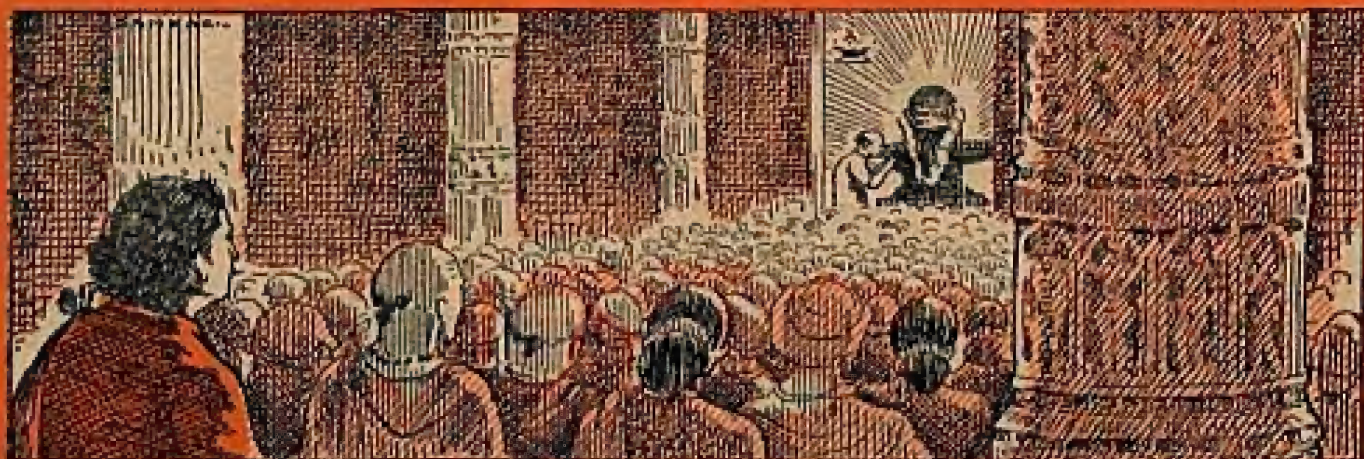


PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

AUGUST 1956

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.

- ★ The captions should reach us before 10th of June '56.

The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-

- ★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR JUNE

I. Photo : "Funny Fellow"

II. Photo : "Says Hallo"

Contributed by :

Aniruddha Chitale, "White-Hall", Congressnagar, NAGPUR.

AWARD Rs. 10





Prof: P. C. SORCAR

TO "cut" a man's head off is a popular item of magicians.

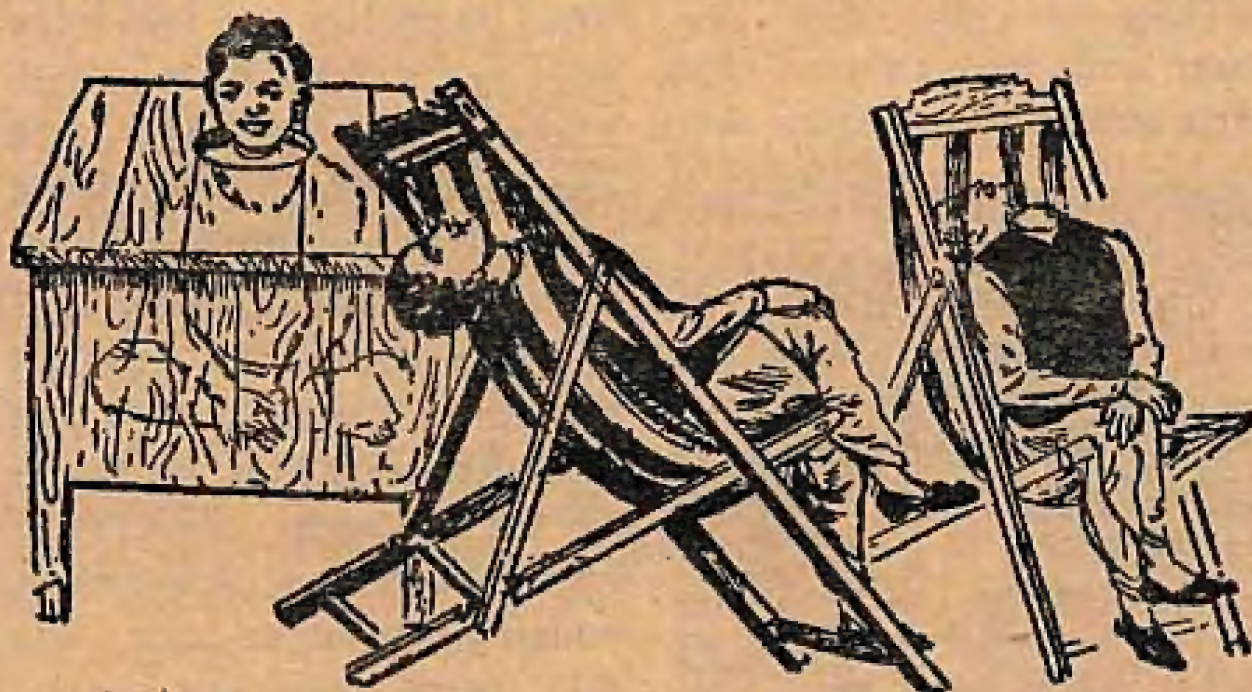
A boy is made to recline in an arm chair or deck chair with canvas backing. Then he is apparently hypnotised through mesmeric passes by the magician. On a nearby table are a big paper cone, a big sharp sword and a big towel. When the boy is fully hypnotised, his head is covered with the towel and then chopped off with the sword. Covered by the towel the chopped off head is put inside the paper cone which is next placed on an ordinary empty table. As the cone is lifted from the table-top the cut out head of the boy is seen there. It is not a dummy head but is of real flesh and blood and everybody will be amazed to see this seemingly impossible feat. On the easy

chair will be found the body of the boy minus his head. The act of restoration is done by the magician by reversing the process. He covers the head on the table with the paper cone and brings it up to the top of the easy chair where under cover of the towel the head is restored.

Now about the secret. First, you must have two boys of the same appearance. I used to engage twin brothers for this purpose. Or expert make-up men can make two persons look similar. There is trickery in both easy chair back and table-top. The table cloth should hang up to the floor. Or there should be a shelf in the bottom of the table. In the accompanying diagrams all the details are made explicit. One shows how the boy hides his body inside the table and



raises his head through the hole on the top. It is kept covered by newspapers or a plate. The headless body on the easy chair is seen as also how the head is passed through the hole in the canvas of the easy chair. Instead of one towel, it is advisable to use three or four small towels. One will cover the slit on the table cloth, another the hole in the easy-chair canvas and so on. One boy remains concealed inside the table from the begin-



ning and the other is used for this act. Under cover of the towel the boy takes his head back. The magician makes a show as if the cut-out head is inside the paper cone and carries it on to the table top. Boy No. 2 in the meantime raises his head upwards and places it inside the cone. The rest is easy.

THE BACK COVER

KING FOR A DAY - 4

[N the meantime Abu al-Hasan listened carefully to the reports submitted by each Vazir, took into service those who had to be taken, and dismissed those who had to be dismissed. He showed a great aptitude for clever administration.

Then he called the Treasurer and said to him, "In such and such a quarter Abu

al-Hasan lives. Anybody can show you his house. Let a thousand gold dinars be given to Abu's mother. She is a good woman. Tell her that the Khalifa had sent the gift, and that he would have sent more had he had more money in the treasury."

The Treasurer bowed and departed. Ahmad returned and submitted that the governor of the quarter and his assistants were duly punished. Then the court rose and they all went to the dining hall. Slave girls served Abu with excellent meals in gold plates. He no longer doubted the fact that he was the Khalifa.

While eating he carefully examined the seven girls that attended upon him. He learned their names. The most attractive of them was Ganna, which means sugar-cane. Abu felt that Ganna was feeling sad for some reason.

Fruits were served after food, and then drinks. Ganna herself handed Abu his drink in a gold vessel. Even before



he finished the drink, Abu fell back unconscious, for the drink was drugged. That night, the Khalifa's servants restored the unconscious Abu to his house and bed, and went away.

On waking, Abu shouted, "Who's there?" But none answered. He opened his eyes and saw, not the palace, but an ordinary house. He thought that he was dreaming, and shouted, "Jaffar! Masrur! Are you all dead?"

His mother heard him shouting and rushed to him, saying, "Why are you shouting so, my son? Did you have a nightmare?"

Abu did not recognise his mother. "Who are you, old devil?" he said to her angrily.

"Am I not your own mother, Abu al-Hasan?" she asked him in surprise. "Don't you recognise me?"

"Who on earth is Abu al-Hasan?" he demanded. "You must be mad. I'm Khalifa, Harun al-Rashid!"

"Not so loud, my son!" the old woman whispered. "If people hear you say such things, they will take you for a mad fellow. How can you be the Khalifa?"

"So, you say I'm not Khalifa, you hag?" said Abu in rage. He thrashed his mother and said, "My enemies have stolen my kingdom, and brought me to this pass. You know who they are. You're their agent. I shall kill you if you don't reveal their names!"

(To be continued)





NEWS ITEMS

Tools and implements used by "Mysore Man" have been discovered in Tumkur district of Mysore State. "Mysore Man" lived 50, or 60,000 years ago, and his stone implements include handaxes, choppers, scrapers and so on.

* * *

The Nagarjunasagar dam site is of great historical and archeological importance. Excavations are going on over an area of 2,750 acres, with the help of a labour force of over 600. Among the finds so far discovered there is a vast structure of an ancient palace with imposing steps leading up to the river bed, the remains of a great city belonging to the Kings of Ikshvaku Dynasty, several inscriptions, coins, relics of bones, pottery, statues, 500 magnificent bass-reliefs with Ikshvaku inscriptions of the Second and Third centuries A. D., as well as the site of an ancient university.

* * *

The world's largest Radio Telescope, with wire netting reflector with a diameter of 25 meters has been in operation since April 17 at Dwingelo in Holland. Astronomers hope to make important discoveries with the help of this telescope.



In India the power generation in 1954 rose by 2,415 million kwh over that of 1950; the number of consumers increased from 1,500 737 to 2 164 782, consumers for irrigation purposes from 19 316 to 36,012. The number of villages with a population over 5,000, which were electrified rose from 895 to 1, 65, while the villages with population under 5,000 rose from 2,792 to 3,786.

* * *

During the Second Five-Year Plan twelve new aerodromes are to be constructd at Tulihal, Raxaul, Jogbani, Malda, Haldwani, Hubli, Kangra Nowgong, Behala, Shillong, Ratnagiri and Bhagalpur. The cost of construction of these aerodromes is estimated to be Rs 112 lakhs. It is also proposed that a pucca runway should be provided for the airfield at Cuddapah.

* * *

Russia is estimated to be the second largest gold producing country with a probable annual output of more than 100,000 fine ounces of gold and a gold reserve of about 200 million fine ounces. South Africa comes first in gold production. Its production last year reached a record figure of 159,000 fine ounces.

* * *

On April 26, Prime Minister Nehru inaugurated Nepa Mills in Madhya Pradesh. This is India's first newsprint mill. Built with state aid, this mill cost Rs 6.5 crores. Its foundation-stone was laid by Pandit R. S. Shukla, Chief Minister, on December 26, 1948. It is estimated to make 100 tons of newsprint daily, meet 40 per cent. of India's requirements, and save India about Rs 2 crores worth of foreign exchange annually.

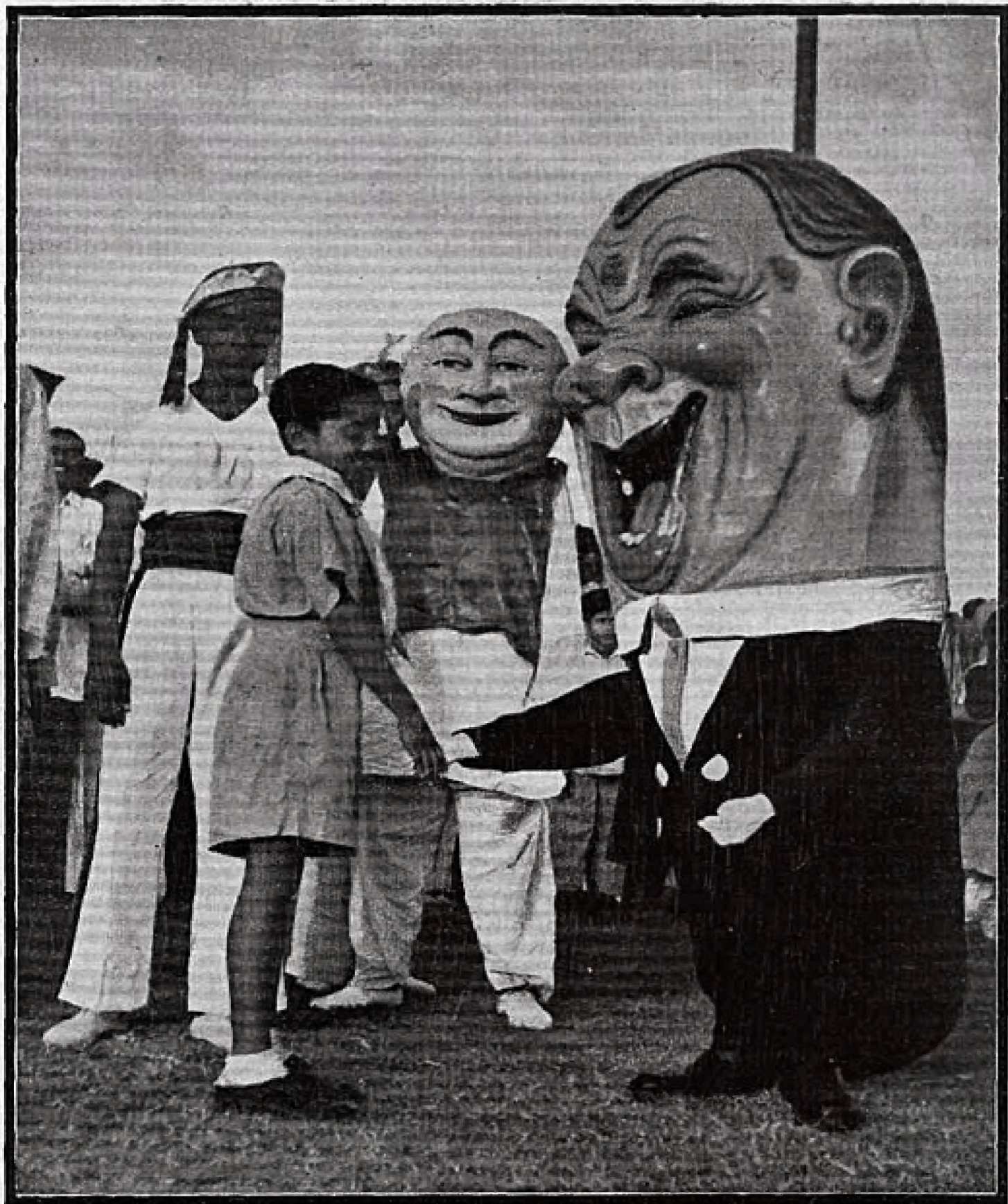


Picture Story



DASS and Vass read in the newspapers that there was going to be a Fancy Dress Competition in aid of poor students. They wanted to take part in the Competition and win the prize. They dressed themselves as Rama and Lakshmana. "Tiger" went as a "beggar." The judges decided in favour of "Tiger" and rejected Dass and Vass. When "Tiger" got the award Dass and Vass couldn't help weeping with envy.





Winning
Caption

SAYS HALLO

Contributed by
Aniruddha Chitale, Nagpur.



